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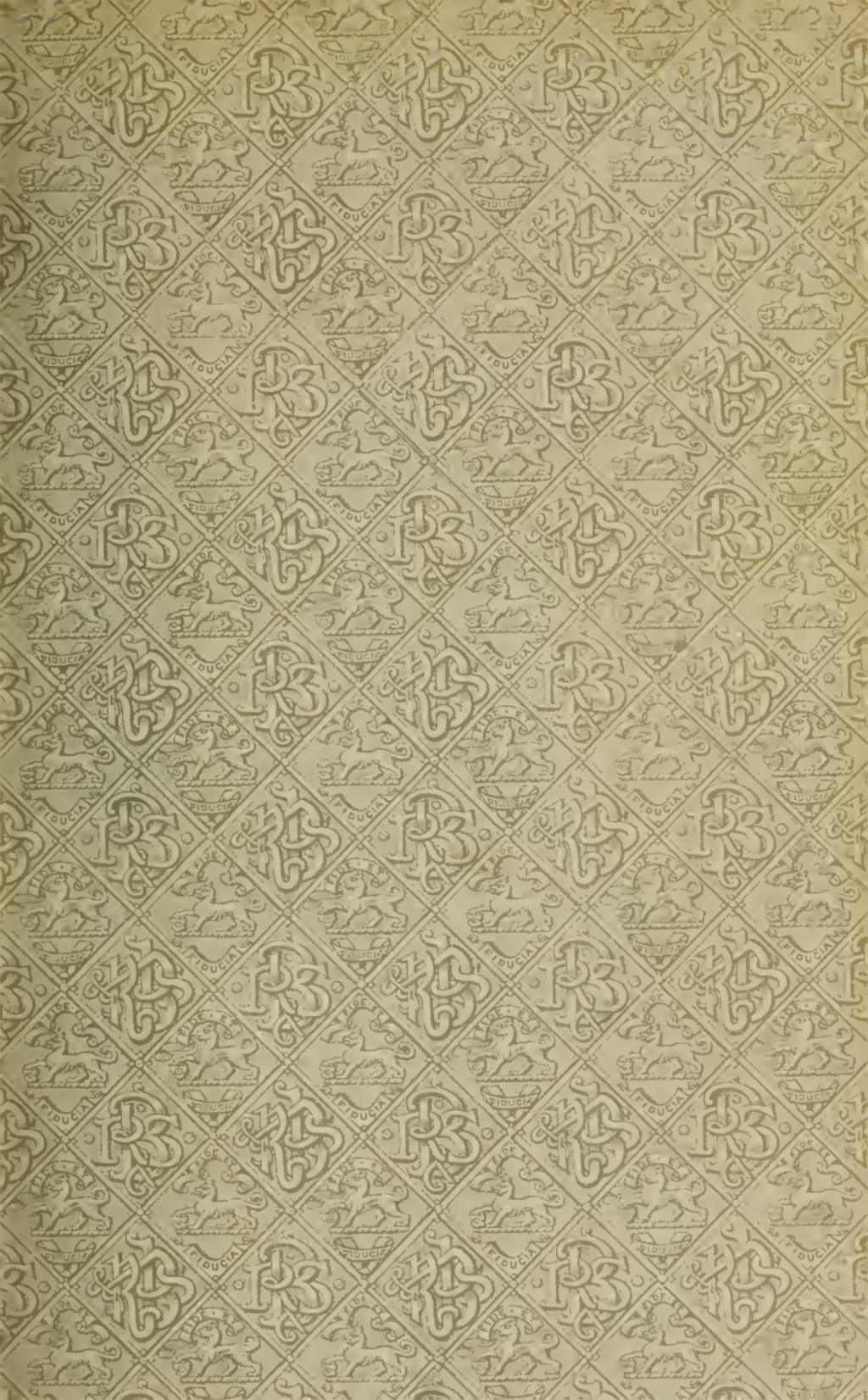
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# CONVERSATIONS

OF



# DR. DÖLLINGER.

RECORDED

BY

LOUISE VON KOBELL.

1828 - 1900

v

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY

KATHARINE GOULD.



LONDON:  
RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON,

Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen.

1892.

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## P R E F A C E.

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TWELVE years ago Ignatius von Döllinger was paying us a visit, and the conversation happened to turn upon the admiration felt by my husband, Councillor von Eisenhart, and myself for the beauties of the English Garden at Munich.

Döllinger, too, counted a stroll in this garden one of his greatest pleasures ; he delighted in the sunshine and in the shade of its fresh green trees, and in the pleasant coolness of the water side. He proposed accordingly, that we should take a weekly walk there together, and that we should begin on the following day. This first excursion happened to fall on a Friday, and thus originated our

Friday walks in the English Garden, an institution which we kept up with scarcely any intermission until the beginning of 1890.

The following sketches are fragments of the conversation held on these occasions, when Döllinger was the soul of the party. People long dead lived once more in his descriptions, neither eulogized nor caricatured, but represented in their true colours with all the force of reality, and many of his contemporaries passed in review before his clear-sighted and cultured mind.

I have been induced to publish some of these conversations, partly in deference to the representations of many of my friends, and also because of the remembrance of a speech of Döllinger's to me. He had been reading my Biography of my dear father, Franz von Kobell, and remarked: "I have enjoyed reading it very much; when I came to the end I thought regretfully, Would that

some day I might find so kind a critic of myself and of my doings!"

I have tried in this little record to convey some idea of Döllinger's vigorous and intellectual mind as it was unfolded in conversation. If in so doing I have gained him one more friend, or diminished the number of his detractors, then the purpose of this little book will have been abundantly fulfilled.

The interesting frontispiece with which, through the kindness of the publisher, this little volume is decorated, shows us Döllinger in the circle of his friends as described at p. 89. They seem all to be spending a happy day, and no doubt the agreeable conversation, together with the fresh breeze blowing across from the lake, and the charming fragrance of a lovely garden combined to call forth the expression of perfect contentment with their surroundings visible on all their faces.





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Key to the Names of the Persons Portrayed in the  
Frontispiece to this Work.

COUNT EMERICH ARCO.

COUNTESS ARCO. MISS GLADSTONE.

DR. SCHLOTTMANN.

LENBACH.

LORD ACTON.

MR. GLADSTONE.

DR. DÖLLINGER.



CONVERSATIONS  
OF  
DR. DÖLLINGER.

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CHAPTER I.

DÖLLINGER'S EARLY RELIGIOUS TRAINING.

JOHANN JOSEPH IGNATIUS VON DÖLLINGER, the eldest son of the celebrated anatomist and physiologist, J. Döllinger, was born at Bamberg on February 28, 1799, and died at Munich on January 10, 1890.

His life as a child was neither an especially bright nor a particularly dull one, neither very rich in pleasures nor the reverse. A contented mind was one of Döllinger's chief characteristics, and he looked back with

satisfaction to those early days, often revealing in the course of conversation some little incident of his childhood.

“ Parental authority and strict discipline,” he used to say, “ were matters of course when I was a child ; children addressed their fathers and mothers with the formal ‘ Sie ’ instead of the familiar ‘ Du ’ of our own day, and obedience was a sort of law of nature. It was the part of parents to command, of children to obey, and opposition or criticism was seldom heard of.”

At five years old Döllinger began to learn Latin, and Greek at seven. “ My class teacher,” Döllinger said, “ was in the habit of calling upon me to translate in the Greek lesson whenever one of my fellow scholars failed to render the meaning, and I used to construe the passage very often with a smile, for we boys had been quick to discover that our teacher had not the most intimate acquaintance with Greek, and

that he often called me up as a means of concealing his ignorance. One day, to my no small astonishment, I received a box on the ear from my father in consequence of a complaint from the teacher that I wore such a conceited air at the Greek lesson ! ”

Döllinger had regularly to accompany his mother to church, where she often spent hours, while the little boy praying at her side was filled with the poetical and devotional feeling with which the Catholic Church is wont to inspire its worshippers.

Often, too, when he had finished his lessons, instead of being free to amuse himself, he was made to read aloud from some religious book.

His father, of whose severity he stood in some awe, encouraged his son’s thirst for knowledge by personal instruction and conversation. “ But any question of a theological tendency which I referred to my father was met with the invariable answer, ‘ I do not

know,' or, 'No one knows,' and I was allowed to remain entirely in the dark. This awoke in me, as quite a little boy, the desire to study theology in order that I might clear up certain difficulties, and be enabled to enlighten my mother on these points. The idea soon took such hold upon me that I determined to become a theologian and nothing else, thinking at that time less of the priesthood than of the study it entailed. I undertook the office with a view to all possible research, and, like Socrates, I enjoy the satisfaction of having reached by persevering labour the limits of human knowledge; but, alas! have fallen far short of that to which I hoped to attain."

" My mother warmly supported my choice of a vocation; my father required that besides theology I should study jurisprudence. Accordingly I became a student at the University of Würzburg, where my father was Professor of Anatomy, and attended lectures on law by

Brendel, who was the author of a work on ecclesiastical law, and Kleinschrodt's lectures on Roman institutions. Brendel was a tedious lecturer, he digressed widely, beginning with Indian history ; and I soon perceived that his knowledge of the laws of Manu had been obtained at least at second hand. Kleinschrodt's lecturing satisfied me no better after a time. The *stillicidia* \* of the Romans during the great water-famine, which were treated of in much detail, did not interest me in the least, and the monotonous sing-song of the professor's delivery helped to disgust me with the subject. My attendance at lectures became increasingly irregular, and I finally decided to give up the study of jurisprudence.

“The professors of other branches of learning attracted me as little. The University of

\* A term of Roman jurisprudence, meaning the right of a next door neighbour to take or share his neighbour's rain-water, etc. (Trans.).

Würzburg was then, as it seemed to me, a centre of inefficiency. Theology was no better represented, but I had chosen this as my vocation, and so put up with inadequate teaching. Perhaps, had I gone to Berlin and heard Savigny and Eichhorn, I might not have forsaken the study of law."

"The Countess Montalembert," remarked Döllinger, in the course of one of our walks, "took quite another view of my choice of a profession, for she once begged me to tell her the story of the romantic attachment which had driven me to enter the priesthood. I told her it was a very simple matter. In my student days I loved a good and pretty girl, but I had a rival whose suit was favoured by her father, and as I was nobody and had nothing, and as likewise I was strongly drawn to the study of theology, I resigned my pretensions, and the lady married my rival.

“The Countess was much disappointed. ‘What!’ she said, ‘it was not, as they say in Frankfort, to save the girl from the consequences of her parents’ anger, who threatened to cast her off if she refused the rich suitor? It was not because you were crossed in love, but because you were interested in theology? Oh, I thought it was something much more romantic than that!’

“My assurances that I was not, and never had been, in the least of a romantic turn of mind fell on quite unheeding ears. The Countess always maintained that I was the victim of an unfortunate attachment. What can shake a woman’s confidence in the truth of her *ideé fixe*? Nothing!” This sentiment was echoed by my husband.

“I well remember,” Döllinger went on, “the delight of my mother and grandmother when I first celebrated mass in 1822. It was

more of them than of myself that I thought. The holy office is always made a festival occasion, when of course the display, the Lucullian feast, and the introduction of the bride are merely intended to present forcibly to one's mind what the priest is called on to renounce.

“As chaplain at Oberscheinfeld, I was happy; and the prospect of a cure of souls in the country, where I could seek to gain an influence over my flock, spend quiet hours in my garden after the labours of the day, or study undisturbed at home, was then, as now, my idea of perfection.”

Professor Cornelius says, in his masterly and impressive memorial speech, that Döllinger never strove for ecclesiastical honours, but rather shunned them. He became a Professor in the Lyceum at Aschaffenburg in the year 1823, and in 1826 was appointed Professor of Church History and Ecclesiastical

Law in the University of Munich. His work on “The First Three Centuries of the Eucharist” won for him a doctor’s degree from the theological faculty of Landshut.

Through his friends in Munich, Phillipps, Görres, Bader, Ringseis, Brentano, and others, he was first introduced into the Ultramontane circle.

Falloux, in his “*Mémoires d’un Royaliste*,” says that Munich was at that time the scene of a great movement towards reform in both religion and art.

“What noble and impassioned eloquence! What devotion to the Church and its cause! Nothing could have reminded one more forcibly of the preaching of the early Christians than old Görres’s brilliant vindications of his faith, Döllinger’s learned conclusions, and Brentano’s freshness and originality.”

“In his early career as a teacher of religion he had often shrunk from books which bore no

stamp of orthodoxy. It was long before he read Sarpi, or the 'Lettres Provinciales,' or even Ranke's 'Popes,' which appeared when he was thirty-five, and which astonished him by the serene ease with which a man who knew so much touched on such delicate ground."\*

Döllinger employed both tongue and pen in the Church's service with all the eagerness of partisanship. It was only gradually that his ardour cooled; and in 1861, when, in some lectures at the Odeon in Munich, he had discussed the possibility, or rather the probability of a complete secularization of the Papal States, and the consequences likely to result therefrom for the Catholic Church, he wrote to his friend, Count Montalembert, "I am very much disillusioned. Matters are so different now in the Church from what I

\* "Döllinger's Historical Work" in "The English Historical Review," No. 20, Vol. v. (October, 1890).

pictured them twenty or thirty years ago and painted in such glowing colours."

Döllinger once said to me, during a walk, "When I read things now which I once wrote, I wonder that I could ever have written them. Well, it is not until one grows old that one learns to judge impartially and justly. Ranke is a model as regards correctness of judgment; he never allows himself to be carried away, and his view is always an unprejudiced one. I have learned a great deal from him, and have much to thank him for."

There were, perhaps, two subjects on which Döllinger was not absolutely impartial or unprejudiced. First, in his estimation of the English people, and secondly, in the opinion he had formed of the Jesuits.

He was much in sympathy with the English, and numbered among them many sincere friends and admirers, whose letters and visits

helped to lay the foundation of that incomparably broad view of men and things which grew on him year by year.

The light in which he regarded the Jesuits was far from favourable to them, and he attributed the acceptance of the doctrine of Papal infallibility chiefly to their influence. That for a time he confidently hoped that even the exertions of the Jesuits would fail to establish this doctrine, is evident from a letter written by him to my husband on Palm Sunday, 1870, in which he says:—

“Count Daru’s appeal seems to me to be a great success. It quite hits the nail on the head with regard to Papal infallibility, only I wish he had pointed out still more clearly the political consequences of such a doctrine, and the way in which it would react. A similar representation from our Government, addressed not to Antonelli alone, but to the Council, would have the following advantages—

“(1) It would serve as an encouragement to the minority of bishops who stand much in need of it.

“(2) It would very sensibly deepen the impression which the French petition cannot fail to make in the Vatican.

“(3) As such documents are generally published sooner or later in blue-books, etc., a petition from the Bavarian government would serve as a foundation for a future protest against and rejection of certain decisions.”

In another letter, dated March 14, 1870, he writes:—

“Everything seems to turn on whether the German and French bishops remain firm. It is therefore most important that the bishops should not get wearied out and return home, or even absent themselves on leave. What a condition of things! It is unprecedented in the world’s history that consequences of such incalculable gravity, hanging over us like the

sword of Damocles, should depend on the action of a few bishops! The complete exclusion of the lay element, and of all representatives of governments, from the Council is unheard of, and opposed to all the traditions of such councils for eighteen hundred years. It is particularly unjust, because the papal curia desires to oblige the bishops to accept a series of decrees affecting the relations between Church and State. This is a flagrant breach of the first rule, *i.e.* that the parties interested (the representatives of the various governments) shall be granted a hearing. It is a real misfortune that Herr von Beust, a Protestant, not intimately acquainted with the question at issue, should fail to recognize the entirely political character of the infallibility dogma, and cling to the idea that the doctrine is to be regarded purely as a matter of faith."

How deeply affected Döllinger was by this question, is evident from a remark he let fall

one day when the talk had turned on health and sleep. "I have only had one sleepless night in my life," he said, "and that was when I was considering the impossibility of reconciling my conscience to the dogma of infallibility, thinking it over and over and coming to the conclusion that I could not and must not go over to that side."

The reproach that has so often and so unkindly been cast at him, verbally and in writing, *i.e.* that he was led astray from the one Church of Christ by mistakes arising from and unconsciously fostered by arrogance, scarcely needs refutation. An arrogant man would have acted very differently both at the time and afterwards.

Döllinger continually dwelt in conversation upon the theme which affected him so profoundly, but firmly as he clung to the conviction which had resulted from so many inward battles, he never attempted to convert

others. His answer to any opposition of mine in this direction was always, “ You are quite right to think thus ; I hold a different opinion, and all the representations of man or woman, lay person or cleric, cannot make me perjure myself.”

“ Papal infallibility,” he said, “ was in early times a matter of opinion, never of doctrine ; and what a gulf there is between an opinion and an article of faith ! I sometimes feel deep within me pricks of conscience for having, as a teacher of theology, approved of certain things, and represented them in my writings in the best possible light, concealing many a weak point, in my honest zeal for religion and the Church. By so doing I was helping to train those clergy who have now adopted and made themselves responsible for the dogma of infallibility. A man may go far and yet come suddenly to a point where he must pull up, because his conscience refuses to go further.

That was my case when the question of this dogma arose.” \*

\* See “Briefe und Erklärungen von J. von Döllinger ueber Die Vatikanischen Dekrete.” (Munich. 1890.) Published by Beck.

## CHAPTER II.

## A WALK WITH DÖLLINGER.

THOSE who heard Döllinger speak from the pulpit or in the lecture-room, from his seat in the chamber or in the Council, of course carried away with them the impression of a man of letters and distinction; but to see him out of doors, in the freedom of God's beautiful creations, was to learn his disposition and feel his geniality.

There he was gladdened by tree and meadow, air and water, sunshine and the songs of birds. The air might be both raw and damp, but he always found something to praise in it, so that I was involuntarily

reminded of a legend told me by Döllinger himself.

“In one of the streets of Galilee there lay rotting the body of a dead dog. All who saw it exclaimed, ‘How unsightly! How horrible! What a stench!’ But Christ, who passed that way, said gently, ‘Yet he has beautiful teeth.’”

It was a habit of Döllinger’s, when interested in a conversation, to come to a sudden halt in his walk and remain standing still, so that we have often discussed Aristotle, S. Jerome, or politics, standing in a puddle, or in the midst of snow, the octogenarian taking little or no heed of such weather trivialities, while we exerted some self-control as we tried to follow his example.

On a bright day of opening spring Döllinger would take his overcoat on his arm and step out briskly with all the freshness of a boy, now drawing our attention to a plant, and now to some effect of light or shade.

“How you enjoy all these beauties, Dr. Döllinger!”

“Yes, but in another fashion than that councillor of the Bordeaux Parliament in the days of the Revolution, who, when the sky shone blue on a beautiful day, rubbed his hands and exclaimed, ‘Voila un beau jour pour une exécution!’”

The same gentle kindness with which he enlightened from the treasures of his knowledge those who desired it was shown in his manner towards any old woman who, in the course of a walk, might stop him to ask the way or the time. He would buy a poor child’s flowers, or wait to comfort and relieve it if suffering from cold or hunger; and never a beggar was passed by or known to go empty-handed from his door.

. . . . .

It was a day in the month of May, 1881.

We were walking in the English garden,

which was a perfect paradise of blossom. The sun shone brilliantly with more than spring-like warmth ; and finding that the heat made us thirsty we decided to seek some refreshment in the garden of the “Chinese Tower.”

We were soon seated at a little table under a tree, and Döllinger ordered his favourite beverage, some lemonade, for us. The waitress brought what was required after a very primitive fashion, providing us with some wrinkled lemons and a tin spoon each in a glass of *eau sucrée*.

“I think we shall do better another time if we drink our lemonade together at my house,” Döllinger said, laughing, and then called our attention to some children playing on the grass, and to the people seated all round us engaged in eating and drinking. “Let us be thankful that they are not hungry, for, as Remusat says, ‘*Sa majesté le peuple est tranquille quand il dégèrè.*’”

I had lately been present when Wagner's "Götterdämmerung" was given in the theatre, and this turned the conversation on northern mythology.

"The Asa," remarked Döllinger, "differ very substantially from the Greek gods. Olympus has no existence in northern mythology, for the very natural reason that a Greek could easily picture to himself an idyllic life on a mountain surrounded by fresh sweet air, while to the northern mind the conception of a divine existence passed on their snow and ice-clad peaks would never occur.

"The 'Götterdämmerung' itself, according to the researches of a celebrated Norwegian scholar, was first called into being by Christianity, which penetrated the heathen ideas and crept in among them. Professor Maurer, also an authority, agrees in the opinion that the 'Götterdämmerung' is not an original legend, but an assisted growth."

During our talk the sky had clouded over, and the rain suddenly fell in torrents. Döllinger laughed.

“Only the Romans boasted of a Jupiter Pluvius, the Greeks knew nothing of a rain god. Any way, to-day he does more than his duty. It brings an old Thuringian hymn into my mind, which I remember runs thus:—

“‘Oh! gracious God, we pray,  
Grant fruit and rain and sun to shine  
On Reuss, Greiz, Schleiss, and Lobenstein,  
And should the rest want something too,  
Then let them find the way to sue.’”

He opened his umbrella, which he never did until actually obliged, and said, “Shall we not go into the house until the worst of the shower is over ?”

“With pleasure,” and we entered the inn room.

The waitress, hardly waiting for an order, placed three mugs of beer before us. “Can I serve you with anything else ?”

“A glass of water, if you please,” replied Döllinger, pushing the little mug away from him.

Two or three young men had come in at the same time as ourselves, and employed their time in swearing at the weather, smoking, and calling impatiently for beer. Döllinger had three pet aversions, and these were bad language, smoking, and drinking. At a neighbouring table card-playing was going on amid frequent calls for liquor, and Döllinger, who as Stieve rightly observes,\* “had as clearly defined notions on temperance as the strictest of ascetics,” felt anything but comfortable in this atmosphere of beer and tobacco. He sat shrunk together in his chair, the picture of resignation.

Neither my husband nor myself found our

\* See Professor Stieve’s able obituary notice of Döllinger in the “Münchener Neueste Nachrichten.” (January, 1890.)

surroundings exactly ideal, and as soon as the heaviest of the downpour was over we went out of doors again.

“Tobacco and alcohol are demoniacal powers,” remarked Döllinger, half in jest half in earnest. “Smokers are barbarians. England is here also an example of courteous manners ; if the habit of drinking has increased there of late, still, compared with Germany, the English show great moderation in this respect. The eternal smoking of pipes and cigars by our forefathers doubtless helped to bring about the short sight which has now become hereditary in Germany. Tobacco-smoking is the ruin of society and of chivalrous conduct towards women. The tone becomes less refined, conversation suffers from it. For a long time I have avoided any society where smoking is allowed, and often travel first-class on the railway solely to escape the disagreeable unwholesome atmosphere.

“This preference for public-houses,” he went on, referring to what we had just been experiencing, “is a very dark side of German life, and a great hindrance in the education of the young. When I compare our young men with young Englishmen, what a difference I find! How many spectacle-wearing, weakly, uncouth, mannerless youngsters I see here, while it is a real pleasure only to look at the boys and students in England, so vigorous, healthy, well-grown, clean, and distinguished-looking in their attractive college dress. This latter point is under-estimated in Germany, but the dress of the English student is not only a becoming one; it also, so to speak, imposes a kind of obligation on the wearer to show by the propriety of his conduct that he is worthy of it—and in this consists its usefulness.

“Again, how totally the education of children of the higher classes in England

differs from ours. All the out-door exercise, the long periods of time spent in the country, the cleanliness and pure air in the houses, and the plain strengthening food produce this thriving race."

Döllinger was now fairly started on the topic of his beloved England.

"The English law of primogeniture possesses many advantages. The eldest son inherits the estate and the bulk of the fortune, the other children are each, according to circumstances, left a larger or a smaller sum of money. By this means the money and the landed property remain with the supporter of the family name—though doubtless the arrangement is not without its difficulties."

Here I ventured a remark: "In Beaconsfield's novel of 'Endymion' he represents the English as outdoing all other nations in their place-hunting and pushing propen-

sities, the ladies being especially distinguished in this respect."

"Yes," Döllinger said, "Beaconsfield recognized this weakness, or, so to speak, sad necessity, and showed it up very cleverly. The privileged firstborn burdens himself with the task of providing, if possible, for his brothers and sisters, brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law, cousins and relations. And then what should an English lady do but mix in politics? Her children are educated for her, the management of her household expenses is taken off her hands, others sew and mend, do, in short, all that has to be done in this line. She is thus left with plenty of time to turn to account in politics, and she uses it, often very usefully, and I daresay sometimes very foolishly, in exerting her agreeable manners and social gifts to forward her husband's aims.

"One of the first laws," went on Döllinger,

after a pause, “ which, if I were a legislator in Germany, I should desire to introduce, would be for the protection of young girls. How often is an innocent girl seduced, and what is the punishment for the seducer? The imposition of a heavy fine in such cases would probably bring about some change for the better. Both in England and in America the state of things in this respect is in advance of us, and women in general are held in higher estimation.

“ For instance, I hardly think that an educated Englishman would allow his wife to fetch him his boots, slippers, cigars and newspapers, as do so many of our countrymen, accepting these services from their wives as a matter of course.

“ I often, and for many reasons, rejoice that I am a German, but I am indignant when I think how little, if at all, the breach of a promise of marriage affects the man in

this country, and I live in hope that our legislators will in the future make such betrayal of a girl a penal offence, and thus vindicate the rights of women."

My husband mentioned Protestant canon law, and instanced the laxity of its practice with regard to separation as late as thirty years ago in some provinces.

"Shamefully true," replied Döllinger. "I know a case in point of a gentleman at Augsburg who had been married several years and was the father of six or seven children. All at once he fell in love with a banker's daughter, became a Protestant, and, unheeding the misery of his wife, was successful in obtaining a divorce. He then married the girl and left his lawful wife with her children to their fate. That the adultery of the man should serve as a cause for divorce seems to me destructive; a man wickedly desires to forsake his wife, he thereupon opens

an intrigue with another woman, commits adultery, and there is at once a valid excuse for a separation from her. Nor would I allow unkindness on the part of the husband as a ground for divorce, for the man who is tired of his marriage has only to ill-treat his wife to the point that she can no longer endure it and must appeal to the law. She does so; the man is loosed from his obligations, and free to fly into the arms of another woman. The enforced payment of heavy damages on the part of the husband would, in my opinion, be a penalty much more to the purpose. I would only recognize two grounds for divorce. First, unfaithfulness on the part of the wife, for this blasts family life much more than the like offence on the part of the husband; and secondly, insanity."

"I agree with you on the two last points, Dr. Döllinger," I remarked; "but as to the damages you propose for ill-treatment, with

the best intentions you make the case of the wife a great deal worse. Suppose that he has no money, or that she desired a separation, your law would place the weaker sex at a still greater disadvantage than is the case at present."

He laughed heartily. "And so you consider me thus far very incapable of working out the marriage laws satisfactorily. There was a very peculiar custom existing among the Polish aristocracy in earlier days which it strikes me may interest you. The Catholic Church allows, under certain circumstances, the re-marriage of divorced persons. But to do this they must prove, and be prepared to support the allegation with money, that the wife was forced into the first marriage. For this reason the daughter of a Polish aristocrat used to receive a box on the ear from her father at the marriage ceremony, as an ocular proof that her marriage took

place under compulsion. Should the marriage turn out happily, the box on the ear passed into oblivion, but if otherwise, it served as evidence of undue control exercised by the parent, and the daughter was in possession of a valid excuse for obtaining a divorce and marrying again if she so desired."

The conversation then branched off to the proposal moved and rejected in the French Chamber, on February 11, 1881, for the reintroduction of divorce, and Döllinger gave us impromptu, in the most able and instructive manner, the history of the divorce laws in France.

"In 1789," he said, "both Church and State in France and Germany were united on this point. During the French Revolution divorce was permitted, and the people rushed to take advantage of it until the *Code Napoleon* imposed certain restrictions. In the year 1816, the Bourbons being once

more in power, divorce was done away with; and so matters stand at the present time, as is evidenced by the voting in the French Chamber. But who can say how it will be in the future!"

"I had almost forgotten something which I have here for you, Herr Staatsrat," Döllinger said presently, drawing an envelope out of his pocket, which he gave to my husband. "It is only one more modest contribution to your collection of book-plates, for I delight in being allowed to lend a helping hand in keeping it flourishing and in perennial bloom. Well, I suppose every man must have his hobby, and we ought to be thankful if we have only one. Many people have several, and some of them expensive ones too. For instance"—and he turned to me, smiling—"I know a lady who has no less than five hobbies. Initial letters, old wood-cuts, proof engravings, old furniture,

partly Gothic and partly Renaissance, and lastly, Gothic latticed windows, which keep out the light, and are the dismay of many of her friends. As I share the lot of common humanity, I have no doubt that I am no exception to the rule, and have my hobby as well as the rest, but somehow I cannot find it. Perhaps you could help me to a truer knowledge of myself on this point."

I tried ; and we talked on, discussing various hobbies, until the conversation went back again to the public-house and to the language which we had just heard there. Döllinger remarked how very much this mode of venting anger differed among various nations, and mentioned several historical oaths. I told him how my dear father used always to exclaim, "Hol' mich der Teufel !" ("May the devil take me !") when he thought he had done anything clumsily. Döllinger contrived, as usual, to

give the subject an entertaining side, and I was hoping to hear more from him on this topic, when we reached his house, the goal of our walk, and parted.

The next day I received a letter from Döllinger as follows :—

“I send you the following details, as a supplement to our conversation yesterday, concerning the various oaths and modes of swearing.

“In Paris, so Brantôme relates, the following verse was current :—

“‘Quand la Pasque-Dieu décéda (Louis XI.).  
Par-le-jour Dieu lui succéda (Charles VIII.).  
Le diable m’en porte s’en tint près (Louis XII.).  
Foi-de-gentilhomme vint après (Francis I.).’

“These were therefore the oaths of the four kings, and your father borrowed his from Louis XII.

“An English account of France at the time of Charles IX. says : ‘This king and

the French people in general are hard swearers. At every third word they blasphemously swear by the head, death, blood, and belly of God (Tête-Dieu, Cordieu Ventre-Dieu).’ In England, during the seventeenth century, the common oath was ‘Zounds !’ (a corruption of ‘God’s wounds’) or ‘S’dearth’ (‘God’s death’), and also ‘Bones-a-God !’ When the Duke of Buckingham, Charles the First’s favourite, was murdered, he cried out, ‘God’s Wounds ! the villain hath killed me !’ The common oath of Henry IV. of France was, ‘Ventre-saint-gris !’ ‘Ventre-bleu’ is still current among the French. I can think of no reason for the connection of ‘gris’ with ‘ventre.’ ‘Bleu’ was added later in the place of ‘Dieu.’ ‘Corbleu, ventre-bleu !’

“ Will you kindly accept these gleanings, all I can give you at present. Queen Christina probably swore in French, as did the rest of the world around her.”

## CHAPTER III.

## DÖLLINGER AT HOME.

AFTER our experience of the smoky atmosphere in the inn-room, and the bad lemonade in the garden restaurant, we now generally ended our walk at Döllinger's house, and were invited by him to partake of some refreshments in his study.

As soon as the housekeeper had placed what was required on the table, she vanished with a patriarchal "Good night."

The domestic arrangements in Döllinger's house were of a very conservative order. The cook, after having served her apprenticeship with his parents, had then lived fifty years in his service, the housekeeper thirty-eight

years, the manservant thirty-five, and the sound of a quarrel had never yet reached the ears of the master of the house.

“Of course,” remarked Döllinger, “I sometimes hear a rattle followed by a crash, and observe that a cup or a jug has disappeared, but then I consider that if I had so much to do with the glass or china, the things would have been broken much sooner; I must say, though, that the disarrangement and mixing up of my papers and books in dusting, as they call it, is a great trial of my patience.”

These outbreaks of annoyance consisted, however, as I have often heard, only in the exclamation, “Ei, ei, ei, now they have turned everything upside down again!”

How comfortable it always was in Döllinger’s study! He and I seated on the big old-fashioned sofa, my husband opposite; maps and books scattered round us in pro-

fusion. Above the high desk hung the portrait of Lord Acton, painted by Lenbach, and below this several engravings—Pope Julius II., and Leo X. turning the pages of a book, after Raphael's celebrated pictures; Clement X., the Jesuit general Gonzalez, and the theologian Joannes Launoius.

Döllinger's writing-table was a most original piece of furniture. At one time it had been found too short to contain all his books and manuscripts. It had therefore been lengthened, and more shelves with divisions added to the back of it. At another time he had a slab made and joined on to the right-hand end, and an additional set of shelves fastened below on the left. A card box with two divisions contained about thirty pen-holders, and close at hand lay pen-knives, india-rubber, and pencils. A black massive inkstand, a sand-box, and a simple pen-wiper were in daily use, while a few birthday presents in

the shape of letter-weights formed the only ornaments.

At this writing-table, unless interrupted by visitors, Döllinger worked from six in the morning to one o'clock in the afternoon, and when he returned from his walk until he went to bed. His supper consisted of a glass of water.

At this table the following works first saw the light:—“A Handbook to the History of the Christian Church ;” “Compendium of the History of the Church ;” “The Reformation, its Internal Development and Effects within the Sphere of the Lutheran Confession ;” “Luther ;” “Hippolytus and Callistus ;” “The Gentile and the Jew ;” “The First Centuries of the Church ;” “The Church and the Churches, or the Papacy and the Temporal Power ;” “The Papal Fables ;” “Janus on the Pope and the Council ;” the lectures, “On the Reunion of the Churches,” given in



1872 in the hall of the museum, but not published until 1889, by Beck; and the two volumes of "Academical Essays."

In addition to these works, very many noteworthy brochures and articles by Döllinger were composed at this curiously constructed writing-table.

Professor J. Friedrich, in his obituary notice of Döllinger, justly remarks that he never rested on his laurels. Certainly he was never satisfied with what he had accomplished, but pursued his researches still further, and it is highly characteristic of him, that for this reason so much of his work remained unfinished. For instance, the "History of the Sects of the Middle Ages"; he had collected comprehensive material for this work from archives and libraries in Germany, Italy, and France, and it was published in 1889, but alas, in an incomplete form!

Often, indeed, this or that valuable com-

position would never have been given to the press, had it not been for the urgent demands of his learned friends, F. H. Reusch, J. Friedrich, M. Lossen, and others, who also assisted him to publish, thereby deserving the sincere gratitude of all Döllinger's adherents. The hearty thanks tendered to Dr. Lossen in the preface to the "Academical Essays," show that Döllinger himself fully appreciated these services.

Notwithstanding this habit of allowing his work to lie on one side for a time for the purpose of maturing it, had Döllinger lived but a few years longer he would doubtless have enriched us with other writings. Very often a subject just glanced at in his academical lectures would afterwards so occupy his mind as to decide him to shape it into a substantive work, and it may, perhaps, interest a wider circle to learn that one of his latest literary projects was a history of

the Separation of the Eastern and Western Churches. As late as January, 1889, at a class-meeting of the Academy of Sciences, he spoke on this subject freely for an hour and a quarter, to the admiration of all who heard him.

Although Döllinger might be said to live on the whole a secluded life, yet he had plenty of visitors. Very few men of letters, scholarly foreigners, or fellow-countrymen, failed to pay him a visit, sometimes to make his acquaintance, and often to reopen an old connection.

Many people sought his advice on scientific questions. He would furnish them with information, direct them to works of reference, generously supply them with ideas, and produce book after book from his library for their help and guidance.

Very often, more especially at Easter-tide, Louis II. of Bavaria would apply to Döllinger

for light on some dogmatic subject, or for an explanation of a particular passage in the Bible.

Thus, in March, 1873, in accordance with the wish of the King, Döllinger sent him his article on "The Evidences of the Resurrection of Christ," and presented him with his book, "The First Centuries of the Church," in which, at p. 177, he had treated of the Atonement as taught in Holy Scripture and received by the Christian Churches. Louis II. seemed to be especially interested in passages of the Bible having reference to the Kingly office, and in portions of the Song of Solomon ; and each time Döllinger allowed very few hours to elapse before he placed the King in possession of the explanations he desired.

At the time of the Infallibility question, the Minister of State, Von Lütz, was in conference with Döllinger, sometimes in person and sometimes through delegates, and Döllinger

was thus enabled to place at the disposal of the Bavarian Ministry ample historical material for the representation of his views.

Literary, artistic, and historical inquiries too were constantly poured in upon him from all sides, and these always found a ready answer. Now it was an author whose pen was busy with a work on theological psychology ; now a worshipper of Mary Stuart seeking information concerning her period and the tide of thought then running ; some one else would ask for notes on the Bishop Wilhelm Durandus who wrote his “*Rationale Divinorum Officiorum*” in the thirteenth century ; or a writer who had chosen as his subject the stormy times of 1296, when the last Duke Ulrich of Corinthia bequeathed that land to his cousin, King Ottokar of Bohemia—begged for sources of reference. Then he would even be asked to decide such questions as these : “*Had our Lord brothers?*” “*Was Hugh*

Capet descended from a butcher?" "What is the origin of the expression 'in petto'?" And in addition there were the home and foreign journalists all asking for articles from the pen of the celebrated Church historian.

One of the most regular visitors to Döllinger's library was Lady Blennerhassett, and many a talk she had with him over various works. This lady was the authoress of "*Madame de Staél; her Friends and her Influence on Politics and Literature.*" The merits of this writer have been often shortly but eloquently summed up by male critics in these words: "She writes like a man." Women are apt to have more to say about the book, and Döllinger himself expressed his opinion of it when he said, "Lady Blennerhassett goes to the root of things; she follows up the stream to its historical source; her writings are full of matter, and her descriptions highly attractive."

At one time I was myself engaged on a

little work on artistic miniatures and initial letters, and busy with an essay on Queen Elizabeth of England, and often used to come to Döllinger for advice.

“I am always glad to answer people who understand asking questions,” he would say with his invariable kindness of manner.

Even when Döllinger was bored he was obliging. Miss X—— was a blue-stocking of the type described by Dickens. People fought very shy of her verses and collections of poetry, and she was carefully avoided by those gentlemen whose assistance she most coveted. Döllinger, however, never refused her admittance, and, although he must have inwardly chafed under the infliction, he always showed himself ready to help and forward her work.

His knowledge really resembled a great and wide forest, where some might roam at will and take their pleasure, others breathe the

fresh air and grow stronger, gather twigs and branches, flowers and fruit, for use or ornament,—all were welcome, and nothing was grudged, for out of such abundance Döllinger had enough and to spare.

The invitations sent to Döllinger were of a very various nature. At one time he was asked to inspect a library, at another a villa was placed at his disposal where he might recruit after his work, and many were the interesting personages who visited him there.

He used to speak with pleasure of Albert du Boys, who had written him the following hearty lines in 1855 :—

“ Si vous vous souvenez de l'excellente et aimable hospitalité que vous nous avez donnée à Munich à mon compagnon de voyage et à moi, vous me permettrez bien de vous offrir un gîte dans notre vieux petit castel de la Comte de Saucey où j'ai pour hôte en ce moment Monseigneur Dupanloup.”

In the same way he liked to remember and would mention a letter he had received from the Italian historian Cantu, who, in the autumn of 1864, wrote to him from Coccaglio :—

“Je serai très-content de vous revoir *post tantos casus*. Si vous me ferez connaître votre arrivée, je viendrai de suite vous chercher. Pensez comme je serai superbe de vous hospiter! Ainsi d'un façon ou de l'autre j'espère vous voir. Vous connaissez du reste les grandes batailles que nous devons combattre à la chambre et dans les bureaux et dans toute notre société. Aidez-moi de vos sympathies. CANTU.”

Döllinger's library was his greatest joy. His bedroom opened out of it, and there was also another entrance to it from the passage. Famous as this library of his certainly was, let no one imagine it only a beautiful book-lined hall in which it would be a luxury to spend a pleasant idle hour. It was a place

of study, and that in the strictest sense of the word. Room beyond room it stretched, freezing cold, the wooden shelves reaching from floor to ceiling filled with books of all ages, many of them rare and costly volumes. In some places they stood in double and treble rows, the many markers in them showing how their contents had been digested. Plain massive reading-desks stood about here and there ready for the master's use. There was also a garden cottage hired for the purpose and entirely filled with books.

Long ago, in his student days at Würzburg, Döllinger had acquired a great deal of librarian knowledge, and the delight he took as a youth in these bibliographical labours revived again as he told me of them.

“I was eighteen years old,” he said, “when my father astonished me one fine day by making me the following proposal in the name of the University librarian. Would I under-

take to make a catalogue of the books forming the library of the monastery for Scotch monks, now dissolved, and which had been made over to the University? No remuneration was offered, neither did I desire any; I was only too overjoyed to be counted one of the chosen few who might search and make use of the library to their heart's content.

“I soon became the counterpart of the man who figures in one of Walter Scott's novels,\* always on a ladder in front of the book-cases, and exclaiming, ‘Oh! prodigious! prodigious!’

“My catalogue, which I dare say is still in use, gave universal satisfaction, and while the work lasted I was a happy man.”

At Munich, Döllinger was for many years head librarian of the University library.

It was also a strong desire of his that his own beloved library should benefit others besides himself, and he gladly made it ac-

\* “Guy Mannering.”

cessible to all who turned to him for help. I have known him also desire one of his nieces to remove the book-plates from some of his own volumes for the purpose of adding them to my husband's collection, and he would often make presents to others of books taken out of his own library.

In this way he gave me “ *Heliodorus* ”—“ which you will read with pleasure and profit,”—and, because of its beautiful wood-cuts, Hans Holbein's “ *Erasmus von Rotterdam Lob der Narrheit*. ”

When I thanked him heartily, he said—

“ There is an old proverb: *Les petits cadeaux entretiennent l'amitié*. Montesquieu applied it once very happily. He was at variance on some parliamentary question with a gentleman of position and influence, but who was also somewhat bigoted. ‘ I would stake my head on it,’ said the latter to Montesquieu.

“‘And I accept it gladly,’ Montesquieu replied, ‘for trifling presents cement friendship.’”

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Döllinger has often been called an egotist, following only his own aims, and living selfishly for his own intellectual pursuits. In truth, it was far otherwise. For instance, his sole motive in opening his house, to his own inconvenience, and taking in young men *en pension*, was that he might the better overlook their studies. And an immense boon he thus conferred on young students, for it was precisely in this personal intercourse—“in conversation,” as Stieve justly observes,—“that he revealed and almost overwhelmed you with the treasures of his knowledge.”

One of these young men, whose name was De Courcelles, became ill with typhoid fever. The doctors, out of consideration for Döl-

linger, advised his removal to the hospital, where he could be received in a separate room. Döllinger combatted the proposal energetically, on the ground that the welfare of his *protégé* was to be thought of before his own. As soon as De Courcelle's parents heard of their son's illness they hastened from Paris to Munich to undertake the nursing.

“They found him convalescent,” said Döllinger, who told me the story himself; “and his mother instantly announced to my cook that she would herself prepare her son's food, as she could not endure to see him so sparingly fed, and thought my precautions in this respect exaggerated. The patient eagerly devoured the ragoût prepared for him by the maternal hands, and promptly had a relapse. The good lady burst into my room in such a state of remorseful distress that I had much ado to console her, and was thankful when the sequel proved that both

son and parents had escaped with nothing worse than a fright."

Typhoid fever was then still considered highly infectious, and the affair gave Döllinger much anxiety and trouble, upsetting his ordinary habits, and interfering with his studies. Still this did not prevent his taking the first opportunity of again helping a sick friend by taking him in and caring for him to the very best of his ability.

Mathias Aulike was the director of the Catholic department of the Prussian Ministry of Public Worship and Instruction, and had also represented a Westphalian constituency in the Frankfort Parliament of 1848. In this capacity he had spent many gay and serious hours in Döllinger's society, and had ever since retained a warm friendship for him.

In the year 1865, Aulike was staying at an hotel in Munich, when he was suddenly taken ill, and Döllinger instantly offered him

a room in his house. The kindness was gratefully accepted ; unfortunately, however, he did not recover, but died, a fortnight later, in Döllinger's arms.

Not less worthy of himself was the generous manner in which Döllinger came to the assistance of the family of his deceased brother, a retired captain in the Brazilian army, who died at Munich in the year 1882.

The two daughters, who had been educated at a convent at Eichstätt, found a welcome awaiting them in Döllinger's house, and he manifested the warmest interest in the moral and material welfare of these girls. He stimulated them to a zealous performance of their duties, and guarded them from amusements which he considered undesirably worldly or frivolous, personally superintended their reading, and encouraged them to undertake translations which he would himself correct.

“ You will do well to continue your reading of Tasso,” is his advice in a letter to his niece, Elise, “ or rather your study of him, for he is not suited to careless and superficial reading. Use your time wisely ; often remind yourself that a day on which you have learned nothing is a day lost, and be sure that the older one grows, the more one deplores the time wasted and thrown away in youth. Do not distract yourself with too much visiting ; keep much at home, and be diligent. As your sister is going to Berchtesgaden, you can take her place in the command of the household. Govern with consideration and kindness. Make as many wise regulations as you please, only be careful not to disturb the arrangement and order of my books.”

At another time he wrote to her—

“ You acted quite rightly, Elise, in returning to nurse your sick mother, and it is my earnest wish that you undertake this duty heartily,

in a childlike spirit, and with watchful attention. We must satisfy ourselves that nothing is wanting which human aid can supply, and then trust the rest to God, who in His boundless wisdom and mercy alone knows what is best at all times, and for each individual.

“The prayer, ‘Not my will but Thine be done,’ must, if we are to be good Christians, be ours in every situation, and we should not be content to say it with our lips only, but really mean and wish it from the bottom of our hearts.”

Döllinger was zealously anxious to supply as far as possible with his nieces their father’s place, and that he was very careful in his admonitions to them, the following travelling directions will show. They were given in a letter to the young girl who had to make a railway journey by herself from Ratisbon to Munich.

“As you are this time to travel alone,

remember that you are a young unprotected girl, and bound therefore to conduct yourself on the journey with double discretion. Do not allow yourself to be drawn into conversation with strange men ; keep a book in your hand, for it is often useful as a protection against obtrusive attentions."

And how carefully he commended his niece to me after this particular journey. "I could wish nothing better for my niece than that a lady like yourself should take a little sympathetic interest in the girl. Perhaps you will allow her to accompany you sometimes in your walks. I am quite sure that a word of advice from you would find the most ready and grateful acceptance with my niece, whose mind is, as yet, a fair and almost unwritten page."

The genuine kindness and mingled humour with which this old man of eighty-eight looked on at youthful ways, is observable in the

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following letter, in which he described to me his holiday *ménage* with his nieces at Tegern-see.

“ We, uncle and nieces, are leading an idyllic life here, if an unsentimental one. I sit much in my room, and the girls go their different ways. Elise lives here much as the sparrows do, and has no cares except as regards the weather ; she skips about, upstairs and down, now in the house, now in the garden, and finds room in that spacious heart of hers every day for a fresh friend. I believe she counts half the female population as her allies and patronesses.

“ Jeanette, on the other hand, goes thoughtfully about, burdened with our household and culinary cares. She has a problem to solve which much resembles the squaring of a circle. It is her ambition to carry the art of saving to its highest point, and to eclipse, if possible, in this respect my old pensioned housekeeper.

With all this, the old uncle is not to miss any of his comforts, nor is the dinner-table to be worse served than formerly, but rather better. Such opposite ends cannot of course be attained without much wear and tear of brain, especially here at Tegernsee, where living is dear, and the resources of Munich are not at hand.

“Thus you see I have in these two girls a living feminine edition of Milton’s ‘Pense-*roso*’ and ‘*Allegro*.’”

Döllinger guided and encouraged his nieces in various ways to good and useful work, but he also permitted them many amusements. He did not object to their taking part in ‘*Mädchen-kränzchen*,’ allowed them to join skating and walking parties, attend concerts, and sometimes a play at the theatre. The only amusement he had a real dread of was a ball. This antipathy dated from his early youth, but was also in part the result of the strictly clerical views of a Catholic priest.

Even in his old age he remembered his painful situation when, at a children's fancy ball, he was led masked up to a little girl, and told to dance with her. He did not want to dance, had never been taught to do so, and was, moreover, tired and desperately sleepy. His eight-year-old partner lost patience with him, left the little boy standing there and departed, laughing derisively.

“That was my *début* at a ball,” remarked Döllinger; and he went on, “As a student I was not much happier. I scarcely ever danced. In the first place, I was lazy; and secondly, dancing in itself displeased me. Girls who appeared to my eyes very graceful when standing still, I thought frightful as I watched them tearing breathlessly about with gentlemen. If they would but be contented with dancing a minuet, but these waltzes !

“To this day I remember that my first thought was, that were I engaged to a girl,

or had a wife or a daughter of my own, I would at once extract a promise from her never to dance a waltz.

“A professor who was once lecturing to us students on the ‘History of the Dance,’ said: ‘The dances of foreign people represent courtship. The German waltz represents marriage. In the one case, a man is occupied in striving, by all the attentions in his power, to please the girl; in the other, he is already in possession of her.’ And he was right.

“My shyness also placed another obstacle in my path. I found conversation with the young ladies in the pauses between the dances very difficult, and secretly marvelled at my acquaintances, who apparently found this such an easy task, and accomplished it so readily! However, after I had listened a few times, and heard the empty, trivial chatter that it was, I thought, ‘No! this will never suit you!’ and I gave it up and remained, as far

as these occasions were concerned, a very tiresome man."

We laughed, and Döllinger went on: "Very much against my will, this was also my case with regard to play-acting. In those days we had a little amateur theatre in Würzburg, and the part of Dunois, in Schiller's 'Jungfrau von Orleans,' was on one occasion given to me. I was a young enthusiast as regarded Schiller, and, like all my fellow actors, I looked up to Joan of Arc, who was very conspicuously represented by a certain Fraülein von Hartmann, with wondering admiration. A retired officer, a relation, I believe, of this young lady, was managing the performance for us.

"In the scene where Dunois misses the Jungfrau from the field of battle, I declaimed my speech with as much fire as I could muster, and made my exit.

"The manager, however, considered my performance clumsy, and exclaimed, 'What are

you thinking of, Döllinger? Of course you cannot run off like that. You must use some action, surely, some kind of gesture at any rate, expressive of the agony of despair you are supposed to feel.'

"‘Yes; but how shall I show it?’

"‘Don’t be so wooden. Can you not advance one foot a little, while you stretch out your arms towards heaven—wring your hands—anything.’

"‘I tried obediently. ‘I cannot do it.’

"‘Well, go on then, for Heaven’s sake, and play like the stick you are!’

"‘Need I say,’ finished Döllinger, “that I then and there recognized, once for all, my hopeless want of talent as an actor.”

## CHAPTER IV.

## DÖLLINGER AS HOST.

DÖLLINGER'S little dinner-parties were very well known. They used to take place at four o'clock in the afternoon, but of late years he altered the hour to two or three.

The meal was served in the drawing-room, and simple as this little apartment was in its arrangements, it yet deserves a brief description.

First, then, it was fragrant with the scent of Döllinger's favourite flowers, mignonette and yellow wallflower. Here, as elsewhere, he thought more of the spirit than of the thing itself, for these flowers are not especially beautiful, but only sweet-smelling.

The following oil-paintings decorated the centre wall. A head of Christ; Bossuet and Fenelon, copies from the old Pinakothek; the well-known Dante, a copy by Antonio Marini of Giotto's portrait in the chapel of the Palazzo del Podesta at Florence; an original drawing of a Scriptural subject by Cornelius; and a small landscape. Under these stood the dark green velvet sofa in the style of Louis Philippe.

On the left of the window, and above the flower-table, hung the life-like portrait of Döllinger, painted by Lenbach.\*

On each side of the entrance hung a lithograph of the members of the Frankfort parliament, to which Döllinger was elected in 1848, and some distant views of Rome, Paris,

\* Döllinger left this portrait in his will to the Royal Academy of Sciences, where it now occupies a place in the Council room. The publisher appended a very good reproduction of this picture to the second volume of the "Academical Essays."

London, and Oxford, places he had loved to visit.

The University of Oxford had conferred on him a distinction rarely given to a foreigner, *i.e.* the title of Doctor of Canon Law.

Although himself very abstemious, Döllinger liked to set before his guests a somewhat *recherché* menu. The chief attraction, however, at these meetings was always the conversation of the host, who understood the art of investing the most commonplace subject with interest, and of looking at the remarkable from a fresh point of view.

The great analyzer of character, H. W. von Riehl, aptly called Döllinger “a receptive genius.” He must certainly have had a phenomenal memory, for he could quote whole passages off-hand, whether from Sophocles, Augustine, Shakespeare, Walter Scott, Goethe, or Schiller. For instance, as a boy of ten years old he had read the greater number of

Schiller's poems, and he could repeat these by heart in his ninetieth year.

Döllinger drank only water, except when a toast was given, and then he merely sipped a little wine, but he set the best Bordeaux before his guests, and many a bottle of Veuve Cliquot. Liqueurs were banished, for, as Professor Stieve says in his ably written article, "Ignaz von Döllinger," "he regarded spirits as the bane of mankind."

At one of these dinners Döllinger related to us the following story in these words:—

"It rather oddly fell to my lot on one occasion to pass for a Freemason. Many years ago some clergy were dining with me, and the conversation was in full flow when my neighbour became suddenly silent, and sat gazing straight before him. The others sat with heads bent over the table and whispered among themselves. I could not understand their behaviour, but presently

my neighbour turned to me and blurted out—

“ ‘ I was not aware that you were a Free-mason.’

“ ‘ Nor am I one,’ I replied.

“ ‘ It looks uncommonly like it,’ he said, pointing to my table-cloth and showing me his table-napkin, into which were woven some Masonic symbols.

“ I laughed, and gave my guests the following simple explanation of the matter.

“ ‘ When the Masonic lodge at Würzburg was broken up, the furniture and table-linen were sold by auction. My mother bought this table-cloth and set of table-napkins, and at the death of my parents they descended to me. I cared nothing about them, but my housekeeper it seems had an affection for them. At any rate she hunted them out, brought them to light, and has now you see got me suspected of Freemasonry into the bargain.’

“My guests made various civil speeches, but I quickly saw that they attached not the slightest credit to my story.”

“A few days later a man named Eck called on me; in the course of conversation he mentioned Freemasonry, and sounded me very carefully on the subject. The same week another acquaintance brought me a newspaper cutting, in which I figured as the Grand Master of the lodge at Carlsruhe.” Döllinger broke off with a hearty laugh, but continued in an instant—

“A town in which I had scarcely set foot, but what of that! The story was fairly started. A French paper containing the same fabrication was soon forwarded to me. The ‘Civiltà Catholica’ likewise called me a Freemason. All counter-arguments were useless; I preached unanswerable evidence to the contrary entirely to deaf ears. It was just one of those myths set going by chance.

“ Freemasonry never at any time possessed the smallest attraction for me, especially since 1848, when I first made acquaintance with the Masonic hall at Frankfort. This chamber was placed at our disposal for the sittings of the Commission at the time of the German Parliament, and there hung the portraits of the Freemasons of the last century. A series of the stupidest-looking heads imaginable, though of course affording no sort of proof that intellectual Freemasons are not to be found.

“ It is said,” went on Döllinger, “ that during the wars with Spain in the twenties, when others were massacred without mercy, a great number of Germans owed their lives to the Masonic signs, as so many Spanish officers belonged to the society. Recent events have testified how strongly English Freemasons still hold to the necessity of making the Christian creed and confession a condition of admission to the order.”



“Indeed, is this the case ?” I remarked.

“Yes,” replied Döllinger, “you know that Freemasons have hitherto made no stipulation as to members of the society being either Catholic or Protestant, so long as they professed Christianity. Lately, however, the French have declared the society open to members of any religious persuasion professing monotheism, a regulation which would justify the admission of Jews, who also believe in one God. As soon as this came to the knowledge of the English Freemasons they protested, and declared their determination to sever their connection with any lodge taking this step.”

“What action,” I asked, “did the Germans take ?”

“As far as I know, they altogether disregarded the matter ; but German Masons are so strangely silent as to their membership with the society, that among all my acquaintances

I scarcely know three who acknowledge that they belong to it. On one occasion a man from Zurich, who was paying me a visit, said to me, with some consternation.

“‘ Only just read here what they allege against us ; I have been a Freemason, both at Geneva and Munich, for sixteen years, and have seen absolutely nothing of what they report to be the case.’

“Herr von Hermann, too, the well-known national economist and statist, told me once, that as a young man he had been very strongly urged to become a Freemason, partly on account of the interesting revelations to be enjoyed, and also because of various advantages to be obtained in the way of distinctions and appointments.

“When he decided to enter the lodge he was Professor of Mathematics at the Gymnasium and Polytechnical School, and experienced some difficulty in scraping together the hundred gulden requisite for his admission.

“Once a Freemason, he awaited with no little eagerness coming events. But neither he, nor his friend who had been admitted with him, learned anything of remarkable interest. However, promises for the future were held out, and he was told for his consolation that he was as yet only on the lowest step of the ladder. He waited and waited, reached a higher position, no interesting revelations or rewards of any sort were forthcoming—‘and,’ finished Hermann, ‘I have often enough regretted my hundred gulden.’ Yes,” Döllinger went on gravely, “such is life, the dropping off of one illusion after another.”

After some intervening conversation he continued: “In Hanover, before the war of 1870, Freemasons enjoyed great political influence as regards the elections and the appointments to important posts. They are also influential in other directions, the different lodges expending much money on charitable

objects. Freemasonry has spread into all the European countries. The last persecution took place in Spain, in 1815–16, under Ferdinand VII., whose first act of government was the re-establishment of the Inquisition—a measure naturally hotly taken up by the Freemasons. The Scotch Jacobites are the oldest members of the society. From thence they came to France, and as soon as a thing is French it quickly becomes German. Freemasonry was first introduced into Germany after the French pattern, always of course excepting the lodges composed of women."

I remarked that I was unaware that women were ever admitted to the society, and Döllinger replied—

" Yes, in the year 1775 the Duc de Chartres, afterwards Duc d'Orleans and Citizen Egalité, was in favour of and authorized female Masonic lodges under the title of ' Loges d'Adoption.' The Duchesse de Bourbon was

elected Grand Mistress of these lodges, and as at that time pug-dogs were much more numerous than they are now, and greatly petted by ladies, the presentation of one of these dogs formed part of the ceremony of admission."

"As a satirical compliment, I imagine ! But if Freemasonry has only good ends in view, why has it met with so much distrust and persecution ?" I asked.

"Because the most various political societies have often concealed themselves under the name of Freemasons," replied Döllinger ; "a fact known to Leo XIII. and which induced him to say as he did, 'The Society of Freemasons is one which does not shrink even from murder.' And yet there have been, and still are, monarchs and princes in office among the Freemasons. The Emperor Joseph II. was one of their protectors, and had the Pope been acquainted with their laws, he would

not have so stigmatized the society. The malpractices carried on under shelter of their name, first caused him to take this view, and the murder of Rossi confirmed him in it. Moreover it must be admitted that the task of separating the wheat from the tares in such cases is by no means an easy one."

After glancing at various topics, the conversation now turned to the light literature of the present day.

"Heavens! how the times have changed!" exclaimed Döllinger. "I well remember the excitement in our family when some publication appeared which described the 'Hours of Devotion,' by Zschokke, as 'a work of Satan.' As a boy, in the beginning of the century, I had been set to read this widely circulated Protestant religious work aloud to my mother, and we both of us liked it much. She, good soul, took the condemnation of it very hardly, and argued the subject energetically

with every ecclesiastic who came in her way. But think with how much more justice those frivolous novels of the present day which do such infinite harm might be called works of Satan! The ‘Hours of Devotion’ met with much the same reception in certain circles as was accorded in these days to Strauss’s ‘Leben Jesu,’ or Renan’s book—works certainly in no way resembling Zschokke’s.”

He broke off here, and continued presently—

“Strange that Ernest Renan should have developed so differently to what was expected of him in ecclesiastical circles! Years ago, when I was in Paris, I asked Dupanloup which of his seminarists he considered the most promising. He answered by pointing out to me a stripling who, he said, would one day be a champion of the Church, and whose name was Ernest Renan.\* His ‘Life

\* Also mentioned by Lord Acton. *Vide* “Döllinger’s

of Christ' caused almost more sensation than that of Strauss," and Döllinger proceeded to quote passages from both of these works.

Presently he gave the short dry cough which always preceded an amusing story.

"There was a man named Strauss, a member of the Consistorial Court at Berlin, and a very strict and learned Protestant; he was the author of several works: 'The Baptism in Jordan,' 'Helon's Pilgrimage to Jerusalem,' etc. In passing through Munich he put up at one of the hotels, and at once wrote his name in the visitors' book. He had hardly reached his room when the chambermaid appeared, and rushing towards him, exclaimed, 'What delight, Herr Strauss, to see you here! Your waltzes are the finest in the world.' The member of the Consis-  
Historical Work," in the "English Historical Review," edited by the Rev. Mandell Creighton, Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Cambridge.

torial Court disclaimed the compliments showered upon him somewhat stiffly. A few minutes after in burst an enthusiastic youth, ejaculating, ‘Oh! I am indeed happy in being thus permitted to pay my respects to the author of the ‘Leben Jesu.’ Herr Strauss had again to defend himself with energy from the imputation of identity with so celebrated a personality, and used afterwards to say to his friends, ‘I need not boast of my popularity in Munich.’

“Somewhat less jealous of his clerical character was the good landscape painter, Dillis, who was at one time director of the Gallery of Paintings here in Munich. His housekeeper could hardly believe her eyes when one day in church, to her intense astonishment, she beheld her respected master celebrating mass. It was the first intimation she had received that he was a Catholic priest.

“Original characters like these are fast dying out even among statesmen. What an example of mingled sense, superficiality, amiability, and indiscretion in money matters we had in Prince W——”

“He was so entirely accustomed to being continually waylaid and followed about by his admirers, that once on coming out of the Frauen-kirche (Church of our Lady), feeling himself held back by the cloak, he turned abruptly round, and angrily exclaimed, ‘This is really not the place!’ before he saw, to his relief, that it was only his cloak which had hitched in passing on a nail.”

“There are endless anecdotes told of the Prince,” went on Döllinger, “but we shall do wisely to take most of them after the fashion adopted by the late King of Hanover. The latter recommended to a certain abbess a frail young beauty who had been seduced by her lover, for reception into her convent.

The abbess wrote that she was exceedingly sorry, but that the young lady's reputation was not unblemished. Whereupon the Prince replied—‘Honoured lady,—Pray take my course, that is, in all such cases believe only half of what you hear. For instance, if I were to be informed to-morrow that you had had twins, I should credit exactly one half of the story.’

In this way Döllinger would often tell one witty story after another, and then again revert to past and present questions, touching each with his own peculiar depth of earnestness and lucidity.

He often made use of very original illustrations to make his meaning plain and more intelligible to others. For instance, I remember on April 10, 1885, his referring to the Afghan complication, and saying—

“This war resembles the action of an hydraulic press; the force is felt on the Bos-

phorus, the end in view being Constantinople, but the pressure on the piston is applied in Central Asia."

On another occasion he said, "The Jewish law was intended for an agricultural people; in many respects the code was a strict one, and in others again very lax. When the Jews ceased to be an agricultural people, their code of laws fitted them like a coat made for a fat man, and worn by a thin one."

Again, "Good laws do not always make good people; their faults crop up afresh, like hair that has been cut."

"Materialism is a prison, without air, light, or space."

"Ought not German theology to resemble the spear of Telephus, which first deals the wound and then heals it?"

## CHAPTER V.

## VILLA LIFE AT TEGERNSEE.

COUNT and Countess Arco Valley were among the number of Döllinger's oldest and best friends. After their death the sons and daughters, as well as the son-in-law, Lord Acton, were most anxious for the continuance of the intimacy already established. The children followed the hospitable example of their elders, and thus it came to pass that Döllinger continued to spend as heretofore the months of August and September at the beautifully situated Villa Arco on the Tegernsee.

Plenty of intellectual activity was always stirring in that house, constantly filled with

guests in addition to the family. The conversations, held in the home-like drawing-room, where the creepers hung green about the windows, in the garden, or during the course of a walk, were wont to range over past and present, in strains both grave and gay.

In the year 1850 the seventeen-years-old Dalberg-Acton had come to live *en pension* with Döllinger at Munich, where he studied for five years at the University, and made one of Döllinger's audience during his lectures on Church history. The vacations were spent in travelling, and together they made expeditions to England, France, and Italy, Döllinger with the object of searching libraries and archives for material for his "History of the Sects of the Middle Ages." Sometimes, too, they stayed with Lord Acton's family at the Castle of Herrensheim, near Worms, and sometimes at the Villa Arco. The link between master and pupil strengthened, and became a bond

of friendship. They exchanged opinions on religion and polities, or lost themselves in some learned problem or literary curiosity, Lord Acton's fund of knowledge often impressing even Döllinger himself. In later years he would often describe to us Lord Acton's library, going over it again and again with us in imagination, and initiating us into its intellectual significance.

Sometimes during his visits to Tegernsee, Döllinger met Lord Acton and Mr. Gladstone together at the Villa Arco, and when this was the case his letters showed him to be in best of spirits.

Thus in writing to his niece Jeanette, he said, "At the present moment the Villa Arco is filled with English visitors, birds of passage attracted hither on their way through, for Acton and Gladstone are powerful magnets. The house is therefore just now especially lively, but I am quite undisturbed in the

stillness and quiet of my room, commanding a most lovely view. The villa is crammed with luggage, trunks, chests, baskets, boxes, and travelling bags ; it looks like the unloading of Noah's ark. In addition to the ladies of the party, there are eleven or twelve male and female servants. The ruling spirit, Lord Acton, will be here for a few days."

On one afternoon in the autumn of 1887, when the party of friends were seated at coffee in the garden, the painter Lenbach managed to transfer the group as if by magic on to one of his photographic plates, and thus provided us with the interesting little picture which forms the frontispiece. Franz von Lenbach, Count Emerich Arco Valley, and Lord Acton are standing. Those sitting are the English premier, Mr. Gladstone, and his daughter ; Countess Leopoldine Arco Valley ; Dr. Schlottmann, professor of evangelical theology at Halle, who chanced to be present ;

and Dr. Döllinger. The arrangement and natural grouping of the party is due to Lenbach's artistic eye.

Döllinger's letters to me are also full of the pleasure a sojourn in his favourite haunt always afforded him.

“Very gladly,” he wrote, “should I have joined you for our usual Friday walk, had not a previous engagement obliged me to start this morning for Tegernsee, from whence they send a carriage to meet me part way. Do let me persuade you and your husband, before the end of the summer, to make an excursion to this beautiful health-giving Tegernsee, and see if we will not walk and talk to our heart's content — *de omni re scibili et quibusdam aliis*—that is, discuss all known and unknown sciences, in wise converse under the eye of heaven.”

At another time he wrote to me: “For the moment we find ourselves, you and I, in

very different surroundings. You are living in a quiet retreat,\* where probably the nuns form the only accessories to the picture at your coffee parties. I on the contrary cannot stir outside the house without encountering a crowd of strange faces, chiefly feminine, and am reminded of the saying of the Roman satirist in the time of Trajan, namely that the Syrian river Orontes had emptied itself into the Tiber. It is as though this year the Spree, in defiance of all geographical laws, was bent on pouring its waters into the Tegernsee, for the place literally swarms with Berliners. I am, however, quite unaffected by it, as I have long been accustomed here to follow my own devices, and can at any moment obtain the needful quiet at home in the garden."

"Do tell your husband that I have read his biography of Jarke with great pleasure.

\* We were then spending some time in the country at Kloster Wald, near Ottobeuren.

It is concise and thoroughly impartial, and a real adornment to the work of which it forms a part.” \*

About this time I sent to Döllinger, at Tegernsee, an initial letter, a woodcut from a sixteenth century publication, begging him to decipher it for me. The little commentary which Döllinger gave me in answer is so graceful, and withal so descriptive of the woodcut, that I think it will be found interesting.

“The answer which I herewith send to the puzzle you set me ought to convince you, honoured Princess Louise Turandot, that I have something in common with Prince Kalaf, of course minus his pretensions. The letter is a V, and signifies Vanitas—vanity in the Scriptural sense, as it is used by Solomon throughout the Book of Ecclesiastes, namely to describe the transitory character, hollowness,

\* “Allgemeine deutsche Biographie.”

and fruitlessness of earthly desires. The principal figure represents mankind, two-headed, to indicate the sexes, the male head distinguished from the female by a beard. It holds in one hand a wreath, symbolical of the pleasures of life, feasting, self-adornment, love of admiration, etc. But the wreath is blown to pieces by a storm (fate), and the little picture is full of the leaves whirling in the air. With the other hand mankind grasps the goddess Fortuna by the hair, and attempts to hold her fast. She is known by her wings, and the ball upon which she sets her foot; she holds in one hand an overflowing purse, and in the other, as I think, the horn of Amalthea with which the Greeks always represent her, symbols of plenty and earthly blessing. On the ground lies Cupid with bandaged eyes, and with his quiver; his bow is broken, because according to Solomon (and Goethe also) sexual love

is likewise counted but one of the vanities of this life. Then, on the other side, we have an old man's head, the God of Time, Saturn (Chronos), with fourfold wings, denoting that the flight of time is rapid and not stayed by pleasure. Over all hovers a harpy, as described by Virgil, half bird, half woman, the symbol of an insatiable craving, the constant hunger for new and idle pleasures. The little picture would therefore signify that the desire for and striving after money and possessions, sensual pleasures, and the homage of this world, is vain, because fleeting and transitory, and in the end incapable of yielding the peace and joy of contentment. Thus your little initial picture is a miniature sermon."

I was in the midst of the joys of a change of residence when I received the following letter from Döllinger, also written from the Villa Arco, and in the same cheerful spirit.

*"On ne saurait croire combien on se trouve*

*riche quand on déménage.* This you are now daily experiencing, and I venture to say not without trouble, fatigue, and inward groans. I am sure you must think with envy of the Greek philosopher who wandered forth, empty-handed, and with one coat, saying contentedly, 'I carry all my possessions with me.'

"Eye-witnesses tell me that the state of things in your new house at present much resembles the third day of creation, *tohu vabohu*. Well, this converting of a desolate chaos into a scene of order and harmony, where everything has its fitting place, is a charming vocation, and one in which ladies especially excel. I quite expect soon to hear or to read that the population of Munich is making a formal pilgrimage to see and marvel at the artistic ingenuity which has found the right place for all those gothic, rococo, and renaissance treasures, that collection of antiquities, those pictures, and all that china. But,

joking apart, I should gladly have paid you a farewell visit, had I not been told that you were absolutely inaccessible to visitors. And so I started for Tegernsee, and console myself with the hope of finding you on my return quite well, and in the peaceful enjoyment of your well-arranged valuables. For my part, I find Tegernsee more beautiful than ever, and the air so healthy and invigorating. It is while drinking in such breezes as these that one realizes the mere physical delight of living. I trust that after all your labours and trials of patience, you will soon be yourselves enjoying nature to the full in the Bavarian forest.

“My kindest remembrances to your husband. Does he content himself with watching the progress of your work, and approving and admiring it, or does he turn to and lend a hand himself?

“My conscience assures me that were I in

his place, I should be satisfied with looking on, *de crainte de gâter l'ouvrage*. Tell him I look forward confidently and with much pleasure to seeing him, and the helpmeet who sweetens life to him, both in improved health and spirits before long at Munich."

At Tegernsee, in the summer of 1885, Döllinger suffered from an affection of the eyes. He bore this trial with great fortitude, and the doctors who attended him at the Villa Arco, Duke Carl Theodore of Bavaria, Professor Dr. von Rothmund, and Dr. Rosner, marvelled at the physical and moral strength of their patient.

It was necessary that he should undergo an operation for the malady, and until within a few minutes of its commencement, he desired his niece to read aloud to him, and immediately afterwards to resume her reading at the point where it had been broken off. He never complained, obeyed all the medical

directions, and was grateful for the smallest service rendered to him.

On the second of October I received the following lines :—

“I am writing to you myself instead of through one of my nieces, a substantial proof that my eye-affection is cured. Sight is surely the most precious of all our bodily gifts; its organs are governed by the most delicate of mechanisms, and these are preserved to me unimpaired. It was naturally a fortnight of severe trial, not so much on account of the necessary exercise of patience, but because of the threatened loss of sight which I had to face. God be praised a thousand times that it has all ended so well.

“I am still read aloud to every now and then; but I can already both read and write myself for four or five hours in the day, and this without fatigue. I have not wanted for

careful nursing during the time of my trouble and helplessness.

“On the 6th of this month we return home, and I am glad to think how soon I shall greet both you and your husband—who is, I trust, better in health and spirits—face to face.”

On Döllinger’s return to Munich he appeared rejuvenated; he read, studied, wrote, went out walking, and seemed to take a double pleasure in all things worthy enjoyment.

His intellectual interests touched at many points those of Lord Acton and Mr. Gladstone, and he constantly mentioned these two in conversation.

We used occasionally to express our regret that the views of the English premier were so decidedly antagonistic to Germany, and Döllinger shared this sentiment, but in other respects he always extolled Mr. Gladstone’s superior qualities.

“I have known him now for thirty years,”

he said once, “ and would stand security for him any day ; his character is a very fine one, and he possesses a rare capability of work.

“ I think it was in the year 1871,” went on Döllinger, “ that I remember his paying me a visit at six o’clock in the evening. We began talking on political and theological subjects, and became, both of us, so engrossed with the conversation, that it was two o’clock at night when I left the room, to fetch a book from my library, bearing on the matter in hand. I returned with it in a few minutes, and found Gladstone deep in a volume he had drawn out of his pocket—true to his principle of never losing time—during my momentary absence. And this at the small hours of the morning ! ”

“ Ireland owes much to Gladstone,” went on Döllinger. “ The situation there was a terrible one. Irish tenants were utterly at the mercy of their landlords ; they might at

any moment be turned neck and crop out of employment, and with great injustice handed over to destitution. Gladstone took the side of the oppressed, and by his speeches in various assemblies, succeeded in rousing so strong a feeling in favour of reform in this direction, that his adherents soon constituted the majority in the lower house. Various measures were taken into consideration, and a helping hand held out to the Irish tenants.

“These events were quickly followed by an agitation of the English tenantry, without the excuse of the grievances of their Irish neighbours, nor any like reasonable causes of complaint. English landlords are not devoid of consideration, and public opinion in that country sets bounds to acts of injustice.

“Gladstone’s egotism next made enemies of the Tories, and they accused him of having caused the disturbances among the English tenantry.

“The coincidence of these disputes with the Egyptian difficulties was most fatal, and Gladstone made a huge mistake in sending Gordon to Egypt only when affairs there had come to such a pass that they could no longer be dealt with.

“Finally, adverse politicians and the press, both insufficiently informed, agreed in heaping all the fault upon Gladstone, whereas they should have recognized that he was not alone at the helm, and that only a moderate share of blame could justly be imputed to him. Their inadequate acquaintance with the facts of the case induced them to lay the whole business at one door.

“England has greatly sinned against Ireland,” continued Döllinger. “There are old scores to be wiped out, and it is hard to say how these problems can be solved, and justice rendered to both parties. I differ from Gladstone, in his political views, on many

points, and it is difficult to convince him, for he is clad in triple steel."

When Gladstone was in London, and in office, Döllinger always followed his proceedings with the keenest interest. I remember his telling us of a particular parliamentary sitting, which took place on February 4, 1881, when Ireland was the subject of debate, and which lasted fourteen hours.

"In this country," Döllinger remarked, "the state of things is Arcadian in comparison with England. The stress of work there, and nervous tension, is so great, that in his time Lord Castlereagh opened an artery in his wrist with a penknife, and Lord Canning had a stroke while sitting in the House, brought on by sheer political excitement."

If Döllinger took pleasure in accentuating Gladstone's good qualities, Gladstone certainly did no less by him. In an article on Dr. Döllinger, published in "The Speaker," of

January 18, 1890, Mr. Gladstone relates the following incident:—

“One day in the summer of 1874 I was walking with Dr. Döllinger in the *Englische Garten*, when a turn in the path brought us within near sight of a tall and dignified ecclesiastic—a man of striking presence, who met us, rather attended than accompanied by one who appeared to be his chaplain. As we met, Dr. Döllinger had, as was not unusual with him in walking, his hat in his hands behind him. The dignified personage, on his side, lifted his hat high above his head, but fixed his eyes rigidly straight forward, and gave no other sign of recognizing the excommunicated professor. ‘Who,’ I said to him, ‘is that dignified ecclesiastic?’ ‘That,’ he replied, ‘is the Archbishop of Munich, by whom I was excommunicated.’ But neither then, nor at any other time, did he, in speech or writing, either towards the Archbishop,

or towards the Pope, or towards the Latin Church in general, let fall a single word of harshness, or, indeed, of complaint."

In the same article Gladstone warmly recognizes Döllinger's indefatigable labours in the field of theology and letters, observing that though a thorough German at heart, he had strong bonds of union with England. "On the other hand, though he was a thorough German, he had formed so high an estimate of the offices of England in the work of civilization, that he shrank almost nervously from great changes in this country, lest they should possibly endanger its means of action."

## CHAPTER VI.

## THEOLOGICAL ODDS AND ENDS.

I HAD been for some time engaged in making a little collection of woodcuts and engravings. Many of these were very artistically designed, and others again quite the reverse, while individuals constantly figured in them of whose history I was entirely ignorant. Dr. Döllinger, however, was most kindly interested in the matter, and often supplied me with an account of this or that personage, who had somehow or other found the way into my portfolio.

“I was only yesterday wishing for your presence, Dr. Döllinger,” I said to him one day in the course of a walk. “I wanted to

beg you to enlighten me a little on the subject of the ‘woman clothed with the sun,’ mentioned in the Book of the Revelation, at chapter xii., verse 1. I have not the remotest idea who or what she is intended to represent.”

“Nor I,” replied Döllinger, smiling; “but there exist at least ten different interpretations of the passage; and since the subject interests you, I will gladly send you the books. I have not myself decided to adopt either of the views set forth in them. The woman clothed with the sun is a favourite object of mediæval and modern art, and one of the most mysterious figures presented by the Apocalypse. The question is one which has greatly exercised both artists and theologians.”

“Yes, indeed,” I remarked, “the explanation of the Book of the Revelation must have severely taxed the ingenuity of the latter.”

“Not only has,” replied Döllinger; “it still does. Every year adds to the mass of com-

mentaries and controversial writings which already form a literature in themselves. Even Montesquieu remarked in his time—‘*C'est le livre le plus précieux du monde* ;’ and this saying is no less true to-day.

“The expounders of the Book of the Revelation,” he continued, “are divided into those who oppose unquestioning faith to historical research, and those who base their opinions upon historical fact alone. There are men of weight on both sides. Bossuet, for instance, may be numbered among the former, and Renan among the latter.

“In addition to the many solid and intellectual expositions, the Apocalypse has given rise to a legion of worthless scribblings.

“The question of its authorship alone has already filled volumes. You know it is established that the Apostle S. John travelled from the shores of the Lake of Gennesareth to Asia Minor, and there abode teaching. In a

manuscript of the first century, discovered in the fourth, it is written that the Christians of that country prayed S. John to set down in writing those things which he knew. We are further told that they prayed and fasted for four days, and that afterwards S. John in their presence wrote his Gospel, and that their attestation to the truth of what S. John wrote is appended to the document. The latest words pronounced by the Apostle, when, in the feebleness of extreme old age, he was carried to the last Christian assembly, were, 'Little children, love one another.'

"Now, the style in which the Gospel of S. John is written differs so utterly from that of the Apocalypse, that there are those who conclude the latter to be the work of another S. John, who likewise journeyed into Asia Minor. Any way, this question would appear a doubtful one."

Döllinger had by this time become so en-

grossed in his theme, that he had quite ceased to take any heed of the road, and we soon found ourselves in a perfect wilderness of snow. He continued, however, to lead the way, walking contentedly over the frozen hillocks, and in and out of the snow-drifts, with as little concern as though he were strolling in the greenest of meadows. My husband tried to keep up with him, and I hobbled after as best I might, until in desperation I called out—

“But, Dr. Döllinger, this road is really impassable.”

“Ah!”—he turned round good-humouredly—“the Apocalypse is apt to lead its students into difficulties. I daresay we shall find it easier walking over there;” and away we went, over stock and stone, the veteran of eighty-five always well ahead of us.

During the next walk we took together, Döllinger remarked: “You were asking me the other day about the ‘woman clothed with

the sun.' I have since given the question a good deal of thought, and am ready now to give you my opinion on the subject, if you care to hear it."

On my begging him to do so, he continued, "Well, then, I believe that by the woman clothed with the sun is meant that modified form of Judaism which the coming of the Messiah called into being. The opinion held by so many people that she signifies the mother of God, is, I think, a mistaken one, and untenable by any who have carefully studied the Apocalypse. I cannot think that the blessed Virgin is here typified, for the actual adoration of Mary only began to take root in the middle ages, and before that time the mother of our Lord is barely mentioned. Artists have, however, accepted this interpretation, and accordingly represented the blessed Virgin radiant with light, the moon beneath her feet, and crowned with a diadem of stars."

Our talk was once more taking a theological turn, and I had a store of questions in reserve, and so without loss of time I asked—

“Can you tell me, Dr. Döllinger, which mountain is generally believed to have been the scene of our Lord’s temptation by the devil?”

“Holy Scripture tells us,” replied Döllinger, “that the devil took Jesus up into a high mountain, and showed Him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them. Now, no such mountain actually exists, and therefore this is very generally believed to have been a vision.” He paused, and went on presently—

“How strangely things come about in this life! Who would have believed that an innocent fiction of the twelfth century, which had its origin in the East, and from thence made its way into Europe, should have given rise to the belief in a possible compact of man with the devil?

“ In the narrative to which I refer, a certain Theophilus is said to have entered into an engagement with the devil to receive from him money and possessions, knowledge and position, in exchange for his soul. The legend of Faust and that of Magnus of Calderon of course derive their origin from this tale. However, truth and fiction were pretty well blended in those days, and the belief in a compact of man with the devil was soon in full activity. A lawyer named Bartolo of Bologna was the first to make a bad practical use of this popular notion. This man wrote a legal work in which he set forth the ways and means by which those guilty of such a compact might be discovered, and proposed to punish with death those so detected.”

“ The wretch ! ” I exclaimed. “ If I might but meet him in the next world, what a box on the ear I would give him ! ”

“ Such a punishment from that little hand



would indeed be severe!" said Döllinger, laughing, but presently he went on gravely—

"Bartolo's propositions took root, and opened the way to the trials for witchcraft and devilry, which afterwards filled such a miserable page in the world's history. The Bull *Summis desiderantes* of Innocent VIII. (1484-1492) gave form and colour to the prevailing fanatic rage against witchcraft by the punishments it not only threatened but dealt out to suspected individuals. One is horror-struck at the contemplation of the shocking cruelties called forth by this mad frenzy of the populace. An acquaintance with the forces of nature, or an exchange of religious ideas, a philosophic theory, or an independent opinion on Church questions, the most innocent words spoken at random, actually sufficed to hand an individual over to the tender mercies of the Inquisition. Both the trials and the tortures of this ecclesiastical tribunal were

revolting. In ecclesiastical matters no appeal to a secular court was permitted, and in those days almost everything was a Church question. A secular judge, who ventured in a single case to pronounce sentence not in accordance with the prevailing desire, was at once excommunicated, and he who had been excommunicate for the period of one year, fell a victim to the Inquisition.

“ It will readily be seen, therefore, that differences of opinion between secular and ecclesiastical judges were naturally of rare occurrence. The persons accused were either not allowed to speak a word in their own defence, or the examination to which they were subjected was conducted with a view to entrapping them, and their answers invariably tended to their conviction. Auricular confession availed nothing, for in this blind fanaticism the guilt of an accused person was already pre-determined.

“And this,” continued Döllinger, “in the face of the Gospels which tell us how Jesus, the embodiment of mercy and love, in reply to the question of the Pharisees whether they should root up the tares which grew among the wheat, gave them for answer the command to let both grow together until the harvest, lest in rooting up the tares they should root up with them the wheat also. The Church understood the teaching of this parable, but in action she denied it.”

The conversation here branched off from the Inquisition to the subject of auricular confession, when Döllinger remarked: “Pope Innocent III. was a despot, and he it was who laid Christians under an obligation to practise auricular confession at least once a year. The ancient Church acknowledged no such injunction.

“I remember as a child,” he went on, “tormenting myself with the attempt to

discover in self-examination a sufficient number of faults to make a really good confession, and my anxiety not to get it over too quickly. As a priest, the speed with which I had to hear and have done with one confession after another used greatly to annoy me. With many people I observed that they really did not attach any meaning at all to the ordinance, and often I failed to discover in them a trace of sincere contrition or purpose of amendment,—the form was complied with, and there was an end of the matter.

“I longed to teach them better, but for this purpose time is required, and to keep a penitent longer than a few minutes in the confessional attracts attention, and becomes an occasion of offence.

“Neither could I blind myself to the fact that habitual sinners—for instance, drunkards or calumniators—often came to confession with no intention of amendment, but lived

on afterwards in precisely the same manner. And these also the priest must absolve up to a certain point. I do not say that auricular confession may never be practised with advantage. Doubtless the priest may sometimes through its means exercise an influence for good, but the reverse is too often the case, and how many evil consequences has not this practice brought in its train !

“Take, for example, the confessors of Louis XIV. These men have much to answer for, and are we not still feeling the ill effects of their influence ?

“Again, I have known people seek about for a lax confessor who will absolve them without making difficulties, thus actually persuading themselves that it is possible to deceive the Almighty.”

“To whom does the Pope confess ?” I asked.

“The Pope,” said Döllinger, “has free

choice in the matter of a confessor, and there are very few instances on record of conflicts arising between the two. It is said, however, that the confessor of Clement VIII. once declared to the Pope that did he not then and there abandon the feud with Henry IV. of France, he would decline to receive him in confession.

“ How sacred were secrets so told may be seen from the legend of S. Nepomuk, who is said to have been drowned in the Moldau for refusing to disclose a matter told him under seal of confession. The story is, however, an invention, though the hero of it is an historical personage. The duty of preserving the seal of confession inviolate presses hardly sometimes. Think what it must be to a confessor to see an innocent man condemned and punished, he all the time knowing who is the guilty person, but unable to give him up. I often prayed God fervently not to place me in this terrible position.

“ At the time of the great gunpowder-plot in London, in 1605, one of the conspirators confessed the intended crime to a Jesuit. The priest kept the secret as in duty bound, but on the conspiracy coming to light, he was betrayed by his confessee, and paid the penalty with his life. I think most divines are now of opinion that a priest who is, through confession, made aware of an intended crime, should at once lay information of the same, but in such a manner as to avoid betraying any of the persons concerned.

“ In Paris, during the reign of Louis XIV., a number of persons, chiefly of the lower orders, were attacked by a mysterious and insidious disease. Public attention was called to these cases in the first instance by the priests, who mentioned how very frequently the crime of poisoning was now confessed, and inferred a connection between this fact and the complaint to which so many suc-

cumbed. Preventive measures were taken which were tolerably effectual in checking the evil, though they did not entirely hinder the employment of the deadly *poudre de succession*, as this poison was afterwards called."

"Times have certainly changed for the better," went on Döllinger, after one of those thoughtful pauses which he allowed to occur from time to time in our conversation. "We all have reason to thank God that we live in the nineteenth century. The mind revolts at the bare idea of the cruelties committed in those godless times when a Pope Innocent VIII., an Alexander VI., or a Paul IV., ruled amid tyranny, torture, and bloodshed.

"Perhaps you may not know that we are indebted for the first actual Index Expurgatorius to Paul IV. The subject of the suppression of books is an interesting one.

It is a measure which ought strictly to be taken *ex cathedra*. But when I was at Rome, in 1857, I learnt to my astonishment that the matter was determined by denunciation.

“For instance, one day I received a visit from the secretary-general of the congregation to ask me, on behalf of the Pope, my opinion of Frohschammer’s work, ‘The Origin of the Human Soul.’

“Of course I inquired at once whether the secretary-general had read the book in question.

“‘No,’ he answered, ‘I have not. German is a language in general very little known, and I do not myself understand it. It suffices that a person held in estimation at the Vatican has called attention to the book, and translated or caused to be translated into Italian certain offending passages. The book is thus, at the instance of the reporter, placed on the Index.’

“‘ And this reporter need not even understand the language in which the work is written !’ I remarked. I then went on to point out to him that sentences thus picked out of a work, and disjoined from the context, were liable to be falsely construed, and that only a very incorrect judgment of the learned treatise in question could possibly be obtained by this means.

“The secretary-general shrugged his shoulders ; ‘*Sono le nostre regole*,’ he said ; and there was an end of the matter.

“Frohschammer declined, *laudabiliter*, to send in his submission, and accordingly remained on the Index.\*

\* “*Die Aufgabe der Naturphilosophie und ihr Verhältniss zur Naturwissenschaft*” (1861) roused such displeasure at Rome that the Pope felt himself constrained, in a letter to the Archbishop of München-Freising, to demand an explanation from the author. This Frohschammer refused, and was in consequence suspended *a divinis* in 1863, and theological students were forbidden to attend his lectures. (See supplement

“The writing in question,” continued Döllinger, “was of a very innocent nature. We know that as early as the second century Tertullian had discussed the nature of the soul, and later the question whether the soul was of directly divine origin, or came into being in the natural course of reproduction, was one much argued. Frohschammer adopted the latter theory, S. Augustine the former, and his view has been accepted by the Church at large. As a Manichean S. Augustine had formed a somewhat material conception of the soul, but on his conversion he repudiated his earlier notions, and maintained opposite principles. The objection raised by the disciples of S. Thomas Aquinas, that if the soul was a direct creation of God it could not be tainted by original sin, gave rise to much discussion. The Jesuits ranged themselves on the side of S. Augustine.”

to the “Allgemeine Zeitung,” No. 6. 1891. Munich.  
(January 6.)

Returning once more to the subject of the Index, I asked—

“ Supposing that a Pope holds opinions differing from his predecessors on matters of faith, is he at liberty to publish them ? ”

“ In this respect,” answered Döllinger, “ the Pope is little better than a lay figure, and almost as incapable of independent action. Clement long ago said, ‘ People think that the Pope has a great deal of liberty, but in reality he has only the power to bless.’ ”

“ The name of Voltaire would, I suppose, head the list on the Index ? ” I remarked.

“ On the contrary,” said Döllinger, “ Voltaire was too cunning for the Pope, and drew himself out of the snare. If you have read his tragedy of ‘ Mahomet ’ you will know that in this work he vilifies not only all religious founders, but all religions. Well, Voltaire actually had the audacity to forward the tragedy to the Pope, accompanied by a crafty

letter, in which he expressed the hope that the annihilation of Mahomedanism, which was the object of the play, would please the Holy Father. The Pope swallowed the bait, and thanked Voltaire with the utmost courtesy for his communication. After this he could not well be placed on the Index."

"Then after all we at school only followed the example of the Pope, for I know in our youth we all read 'Mahomet' without in the least gathering the real drift of the work," I remarked.

"Perhaps a young ladies' school might be excused the oversight," replied Döllinger, laughing. "It is curious, though, how whimsical the reasons sometimes are for which a book is censured, let alone placed on the Index. One of my books, 'The Gentile and the Jew,' met with the severest condemnation in Ultramontane circles, on the ground that Satan was not sufficiently Satanic

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as I had represented him. And how this kind of insinuation sticks to a man !” After a little pause Döllinger went on—

“ I fancy a good many people would be surprised on learning the origin of certain things and customs familiar enough to them. Take for instance some of the festivals of the Catholic Church. There was a certain abbot of a French cloister in the sixth century who had a vision vouchsafed to him. In this vision he saw gathered round him all the souls in purgatory—‘ *armen Seelen* ’ (poor souls), as we Germans call them ; ‘ *anime sante* ’, they are called in Italy ; and by the French, ‘ *âmes en peine* ’. These all implored the abbot to have pity on them, and help them with his prayers. He lost no time in communicating this vision to the Pope, who at once instituted the feast of All Souls.

“ We are also indebted to a vision for the festival of Corpus Christi. A nun named

Julia, belonging to a convent at Liège, saw in a dream the moon, having on its face a large dark spot. She pondered over the matter and consulted her confessor. He applied to the Pope, who had the vision interpreted. The moon was pronounced to be the Church, and the dark spot signified the omission of a festival to celebrate the institution of the Eucharist by our Lord. Maundy Thursday was declared to be an insufficient commemoration. Moreover, the projected festival should be a joyful one, and the latter falls in the gloom of Holy Week, and so originated the feast and the processions of Corpus Christi. When, therefore, you see a man panting on a hot day in June, beneath the weight of robes or uniform, and wiping his brow as he follows in the procession, you may be pretty sure that he does not know that he is indebted to a nun of Liège for the whole proceeding."

Our talk here took another turn, and brought us to the subject of canonization, and to the discussion of the merits of various saints. Döllinger mentioned Labre, a French saint canonized a few years ago, and said that in his zeal for self-mortification this man had carried neglect of personal cleanliness to a degree beyond all bounds, and alleged that this fact was especially emphasized as one of his qualifications for canonization.

“He was literally covered with vermin,” said Döllinger, “and when he saw any of them escaping he would catch them and replace them in his garment, that he might have the more opportunity for the practice of patient endurance.”

“He might have been a Buddhist in his care for the preservation of animal life,” I remarked. “And, by the way, can you tell me why this great regard for animals is such a feature of the Buddhist religion?”

“Because,” replied Döllinger, “they believe in the transmigration of the soul into the bodies of various animals. Sakja-muni, the founder of Buddhism, is said to have seen a famishing tigress lying with her cubs under a tree. He went and lay down by them, offering his body to be torn and lacerated to supply them with food. The tigress fell upon him, and tore him to pieces, since which time he has been reverenced as Buddha.”

“Well,” I continued ; “without gainsaying that these and other such legends contain instances of self-sacrifice, the knightly S. George, who destroyed wild beasts instead of feeding them, is to my mind a more attractive figure.”

“But a purely fanciful one,” said Döllinger, and he proceeded to give me the history of S. George. Seeing that I was anxious to note the different dates at various points in his narrative, he kindly offered to write the

account for me, and the next day I received the following lines :—

“The first opponent of S. Athanasius, in the year 341, was a bishop named Gregory. When this man died the Emperor Constantine, in 355, set up in his place a Cappadocian named George. In the year 361 there was a rising of the heathen on the news of the accession to the throne of Julian the Apostate, and in this outbreak George was killed. This bishop is the original of the much travestied model of Christian knighthood, the warrior S. George. According to the legend, Athanasius the magician was his enemy and persecutor, and it is a fact that the Arians did formally accuse S. Athanasius at a Council of practising magic. The legend in its present form existed as early as the year 494, when it was rejected by Pope Gelasius at a Roman Council as an invention of the heretics.

“Notwithstanding this, the cult of the

martyred saint, murdered by the heathen for the Christian faith, grew and strengthened. Then came the Crusades, and brought with them the demand for a warlike knightly patron saint. S. George was chosen, placed as a mailed warrior on horseback, and represented as slaying a dragon with his lance. The Crusaders under Richard Cœur-de-Lion believed firmly that S. George fought for them in person. In 1222, the National Council at Oxford altered his commemoration day into a prescribed holiday for all England, and in 1330 the Order of the Garter was instituted and placed under his protection. S. George is also patron of the town of Genoa, and of the Swabian knighthood, and he figures in the arms of the Russian Emperor.

“ I am sorry if in giving you these details I have mixed a little water with the wine of your devotion to S. George.”

In speaking presently of the canonized

Popes, Döllinger proceeded to accord the highest place to Pope Gregory I. (540-604) surnamed the Great.

“If high moral qualities constitute any claim to greatness,” he said, “this man deserved the title, and may well be called the greatest of all the Popes. He is counted one of the four great teachers of the Church, and is continually represented in pictures, generally in the act of writing his commentary on the Book of Job. The triple crown, which some artists place on his head, is an anachronism, for at that time the Popes did not even dream of one crown, much less of three.

“Innocent XI. also,” continued Döllinger, “might well have been made a saint. He was a man of great integrity and resolution, and of courage so conspicuous that he even ventured to stand out against Louis XIV. This Pope’s canonization was decided on, the draft already prepared, and it was only the

refusal of the Jesuits to co-operate which caused the undertaking to fall through, and the name of this admirable man to be missing from the official roll of the saints."

Döllinger then mentioned the contentions of Innocent XI. with the Jesuits, and the battle of the Jansenists with the order.

"No one has chastised the Jesuits like Pascal," he went on; "no one before, and no one since. This famous writer literally scourges them with the lash of his satire. He always adroitly makes use of their own phrases and doctrines. Even his diction is purposely Jesuitical in style. The moral castigation which the Jesuit fathers receive at the hands of Pascal is complete. I greatly admire his fine intellect and sterling character. It is a mistaken policy which induces many writers, in their anxiety to unmask the Jesuits, to snatch so eagerly at falsified documents, which they fondly imagine will serve their purpose,

leaving Pascal on one side. Only the other day a Frenchman had a shot at them with a little brochure, which he flourished as a new discovery, notwithstanding that it was known in the seventeenth century, and edited by a Pole. The document in question created scandal at the time, but very soon sank into oblivion. Afterwards it was reprinted and again caused some sensation, until it was once more thrown aside as rubbish, only to reappear to-day with more bluster. This sort of thing does the Jesuits no harm—the intention is too transparent,—but Pascal if you like!—he is calculated to harm them.”

Döllinger then mentioned the intellectual authority exercised by this order over its members, and which is one secret of its influence.

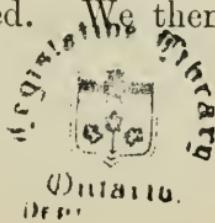
“The spiritual exercises of the Jesuits,” he said, “appeal strongly to the imagination. The room in which the novice finds himself

is shrouded in mysterious gloom. The streak of light which is allowed to penetrate the drawn curtains is only sufficient to enable him to read the meditations prescribed for him. These are vividly descriptive of the heavenly joys of the other life, the purgatorial fires, and hell with its fearful torments being made to stand out in startling contrast. The perusal of them leaves the reader in precisely the exalted frame of mind which it is their mission to induce. The candidate is next presented with a work on the choice of a profession, in which the various callings are treated of in turn and dismissed. The law is declared out of the question, for lawyers are always bad Christians. The study of medicine, the pursuit of science, trade in any of its branches, each and all of these professions are pronounced unworthy of adoption. There remains, therefore, the sacred office, and the vocation of a parish priest. But this too

is encompassed with temptation. Then refuge must be sought for in an order. Each order is then praised in turn, but with a severe counter criticism, until the novice is forced to the conclusion that to enter the Society of Jesus is the one step open to him."

Döllinger then spoke of the German College, and this brought him to the subject of his visit to Rome.

"Did I ever tell you," he asked, "the resolution I came to during my interview with the Pope? I formed a fixed determination not to present myself a second time. The ceremonial in itself was highly displeasing to me. I was received in audience with Theiner, and, in common with every priest, we had to kneel three times. First in the ante-chamber, then in the middle of the audience-room, and finally before the Pope, who extended his foot, encased in a white and gold embroidered slipper, towards us to be kissed. We then



rose, and Pio Nono addressed us in a somewhat commonplace fashion, to the effect that the Pope was the supreme authority over all, and that only when the world had learned to bow before the Apostolic Chair would the welfare of mankind be assured. He then asked us a few unimportant questions, and without waiting for an answer talked on in fluent but rather unpolished French. He was a man of remarkably fine presence, and always made a great impression on women, who would fall on their knees before him as though he had been a Deity.

“On this occasion I observed immediately on our entrance a peculiar expression cross his countenance—a glance, half curious half disdainful, as though he were thinking, ‘How will the German pedant comport himself, and how will he stand our ceremonies?’

“I had a feeling all the time that this Pope might on occasion speak a telling *bon-mot* or

two, but could never rise to an independent intellectual conviction.

“And yet Pius IX. often said he would undertake what no other man could, namely the sending forth of new dogmas into the world; and he did in fact succeed in calling into being the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and that of the Infallibility.

“One day,” went on Döllinger, “while I was at Rome, they showed me in one of the libraries of the Vatican, a table ready laid with an enormous expenditure of art and money, and intended to accommodate Queen Isabella of Spain, who was to dine there as the guest of the Pope. Pio Nono only appeared, however, for half-an-hour after dinner, as etiquette prescribes that he shall eat alone.

“Another ceremony,” he continued, “which offends me excessively is the preposterous and unworthy custom of taking the newly elected Pope in the utmost pomp to S. Peter’s, and

actually seating him on the Altar, choosing for this purpose the very spot where the most sacred act in the sacrifice of the Mass takes place.

“I even went the length of venturing a few remarks on this and some other ceremonies which I will not mention now. I might have spared myself the trouble, for, as I have already told you, there are two little words all powerful at Rome, and by the help of which most matters are once for all decided,—and these are ‘*è l'uso.*’”

Döllinger had said all this in his peculiar dry tone, but presently he gave his habitual little half laugh, half cough, and went on—

“Talking of Roman ceremonial, I am involuntarily reminded of the Archbishop of Scherr. Excuse me if, in order to make the story clear to you, I digress a little. Perhaps you are aware that there is a certain convent at Rome, dedicated to S. Agnes, and that the

nuns of this establishment keep sheep. The wool of these creatures is used for making the pallium which the Pope is in the habit of bestowing on a newly elected bishop. In earlier days the privilege of conferring the pallium belonging to the Emperor, but when the rulers of Eastern and Western Christendom were at strife with each other, the Pope struck in and claimed this prerogative.

“ Well, the newly elected Archbishop von Scherr, who told me the story himself (of course before the declaration of the infallibility dogma), said that he awaited the arrival of this honourable and consecrated vestment with great eagerness, and prepared himself to receive it with unfeigned devotion.

“ ‘ I was not a little surprised,’ he said to me, ‘ when one day I received a visit from a rather distinguished-looking Jew, who on entering my room handed me without more ado a somewhat shabby-looking box, and said

abruptly, “The Pope sends this to your grace.”

“‘Conceive my astonishment, my dear Döllinger,’ said the Archbishop, ‘when on opening the box I found that it contained the pallium! I could hardly trust the evidence of my senses, or believe it possible that I could thus casually receive at the hands of a Jew, in so unceremonious a fashion, this much venerated vestment.’”

It is a well-known fact that Döllinger at one time entertained views decidedly antagonistic to the Reformation and to the Reformers, and that he gave expression to these opinions in some of his earlier works. But in the year 1872 he delivered a series of lectures on the reunion of the Churches, which showed that his views on this subject had undergone some modification, and during one of our walks he made the following remarks:—

“ My earlier judgment of Luther was a hostile one. I should write differently of him now. A man grows more lenient in old age; he learns to look at matters from the standpoint of others, and to see that certain thoughts and impressions are but the inevitable outcome of individual temperaments.

“ Erasmus of Rotterdam, the most learned man of his century, whose works may be read with enjoyment to-day, saw in advance that the Reformation was a necessity. The pressure of Rome was so heavy that a downfall was in the nature of the case.

“ The controversy between Luther and Erasmus on the question of man’s free will, in which Luther espoused the views of S. Augustine in opposition to Erasmus, affords ample testimony to the state of ferment in which both these leaders found themselves. In these matters truth inclines first to one

side and then to the other, and is difficult to determine.

“My work on Luther made me many enemies among Protestants. Another book brought me into great disfavour with Catholics, and in quarters too where I least expected it. When my ‘Fables of the Middle Ages’ appeared, the publisher sent me nineteen reviews of it, all of them angry and bitter attacks. Now in these ‘Fables of the Middle Ages’ I had certainly brought forward nothing new. The story of Pope Joan for instance, and other such tales, were no longer believed in. It did not require my testimony to upset these, but in this work I pointed out the source from which these fables sprang, and showed how Rome herself had circulated them, and this was the crime they charged me with.”

Döllinger spoke with much warmth of Melanchthon, whom he rated very highly.

“Few people know him by his real name

of Schwarzert,” he said. “He was a very remarkable man, and his character was a most attractive one. His adversaries, however, contrived to so embitter his life that these words were found written in his diary. ‘I die willingly, for only death will release me from the rage of theologians (*rabies theologorum*).’ ”

On my remarking that in our times this kind of religious persecution had nearly died out, Döllinger laughed incredulously.

“It is by no means extinct, dear lady, but you are not in the way of hearing of it, and I have learned to disregard it.”

That Döllinger had formed a less favourable opinion of Calvin than of the other Reformers, I gathered from some remarks he let fall during a walk we took together on a day in the month of May. On this occasion he seemed more than ever to rejoice in the spring-tide beauty around us, and speaking of this Reformer he said—

“The Picard Calvin (Chauvin the Bald) was no doubt loyal to his convictions, but he was hard and cruel, and totally wanting in any feeling for the natural beauties in the midst of which he lived.

“Professor Cornelius,” he continued, “has undertaken to finish a work on Calvin which was begun by a friend of his who has since died. This should be of great historical value, for Cornelius is a very conscientious worker and an able writer.

“I read a short time ago,” he went on, “that Lord Byron was a Calvinist, and suffered endless pangs of conscience and great trouble of mind because he could not attain to a conviction that he was in a state of grace. The story goes that he tormented Lady Byron to such an extent with these miserable doubts, that at last she could no longer endure it, but declared her intention of seeking a separation, and as her husband

had taken good care to provide her with grounds for such a step, it was duly carried into effect."

"Is it true," I asked, "that she was only with great difficulty induced to consent to the marriage?"

"Yes," he replied; "she is known to have refused his first offer, but he followed it up with such warmth of persistence that the lady gave in at last. It is said that his reason for thus pursuing the matter was that he was incessantly haunted by the remembrance of an evil deed which he had at some time committed, and that he hoped by this marriage to enter a state of grace."

"Do you know what this crime was?" I inquired.

"Only that it seems to have been a deed of more than common infamy," answered Döllinger. "Lord Byron is always making some mysterious allusion to it. However, he

ended by emancipating himself altogether from his Calvinistic thraldom. And indeed, regarded in any light the creed is a comfortless one, and its moral results are, I think, distinctly pernicious. A Calvinist who has once felt himself to be in a state of grace, has secured his eternal salvation, no matter what his actions are. If, on the other hand, he has never arrived at this conviction, he is among the number of those predestined to damnation. Cromwell, for instance, died satisfied in his own mind because he was assured by the ministers of this religious persuasion that he had once been in a state of grace.

“No doubt,” concluded Döllinger, “the idea underlying all this superstructure in Calvin’s mind was after all not an unworthy one. He considered, namely, that a man may be stimulated to the commission of a virtuous action, and by this means attain to a faith in the saving power of grace hitherto perhaps

wanting. But that many men suffer terribly under these Calvinistic doctrines, I am well assured. I remember especially a case which came under my own eyes. This man, an American acquaintance of mine, believed himself to be hopelessly and eternally damned, until, driven almost to desperation, he sought refuge from his misery in the Catholic Church."

## CHAPTER VII.

DÖLLINGER'S ACADEMICAL LECTURES AND  
HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

At the death of Justus von Liebig, in 1873, Döllinger was made president of the Royal Academy of Sciences, after having been already nominated by King Maximilian II. to the presidency of the historical commission at this academy.

We owe the three volumes of Döllinger's academical lectures, which are now reckoned among the classics of German literature, entirely to these appointments. Adolphus Harnach \* says, in speaking of these lectures, "Where shall we find to-day another historian

\* "Theologische Litteraturzeitung." (1869.) P. 259.

like Döllinger; one with anything like his industry, his circumspection, his power of identifying himself with alien manners and modes of thought; one equally at home in all ages, and versed in the art of historical description? He was not alone the historian of the universal Church; he had mastered the political history of Germany and the record of its civilization, and his far-seeing eye ranged far and wide over Europe."

The delivery of Dr. Döllinger's lecture was always an event in Munich. The hall was filled, not only with the members of the Academy, but with a crowd of people of both sexes, eager seekers after information, and a host of critics of every variety of opinion.

Döllinger would often be occupied on his lecture until the last moment possible, only leaving his study to go to the Academy. His health never suffered from this assiduous work, and not a trace of excitement or

nervous irritation was perceptible on these occasions in his manner or appearance. He entered the hall with the composed step and quiet dignity habitual to him, simply dressed in black, and wearing round his neck the customary gold chain with the cross attached. His voice was weak, but perfectly audible, his delivery somewhat monotonous, but the matter of his address so rivetting that his hearers followed him with breathless interest.

Professor Cornelius, in his memorial speech, referring to these lectures says very beautifully: "How often have our hearts gone out to him in wondering admiration, when from this place he has poured for us with lavish hand, as from a golden chalice, the treasures of his knowledge. Many a time he has here, in the sight of all our eyes, reached the very summit of historic art in finished research, ability of conception, and unparalleled power of representation."

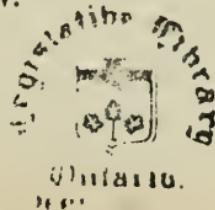
The various problems handled by Döllinger at different times in these lectures often continued to interest him for some time afterwards, and not unnaturally they often furnished us with a topic for conversation during our walks. In this way my husband and myself were often the fortunate recipients of many an amplification and explanation of points glanced at by the lecturer.

The history of the Templars possessed such vivid interest for Döllinger, that he made the subject really a life study.

“The discourse on the Templars,” says Lord Acton, “delivered at his last appearance in public, had been always before him since a conversation with Michelet about the year 1841.” \*

The opening of the Vatican archives to the public, and the simultaneous publication of

\* See “Doellinger’s Historical Works” in the “English Historical Review.”



some of the original acts of the Templar trials were chiefly instrumental in bringing Döllinger to the determination to make known his own long-cherished views with regard to the innocence of this order, based upon these primary sources of information. But alas! this intention of his was never carried out, but stopped short at the work of preparation. The short lecture on this theme which he delivered in November, 1889, on the occasion of the public sitting of the members of the Royal Academy of Sciences, makes us the more regret that it was not permitted to him to carry this larger work into execution.

“If you were so much moved by the lecture,” said Döllinger to me, “what will you feel when you first make acquaintance with the acts of the Templar trials, which I have faithfully reproduced without the alteration of a word, adding nothing and taking nothing away. I am convinced that

you will shed tears over them, for I was myself deeply agitated."

Döllinger had just delivered his lecture on "The Policy of Louis XIV." and conversing with us on this subject afterwards he said—

"The question whether the king did or did not actually receive Fénelon's anonymous letter, Louis's 'Table of Offences' as it is sometimes called, is one much debated by historians. Some are of opinion that it never reached the king's hands, for the reason that in a letter from Madame de Maintenon to Archbishop Noailles, the following passage occurs: 'Please read the enclosed writing, and tell me what you think of it. I am of opinion that it would be unwise to show such a letter to the king, as it would rouse his indignation and anger without convincing him.'

"Now it is, I think, somewhat boldly alleged that the letter here alluded to is the one written to the king by Fénelon in 1694.

Madame de Maintenon, it is maintained, understood Louis, and knew that while hundreds of flatterers were day and night engaged in assuring the king that his government was perfect and satisfied the people, and in extolling each of his actions almost as though they proceeded from a god, it was to say the least unlikely that he would pay any heed to the one man who told him otherwise.

“ But there is another letter in question, also written by Madame de Maintenon, and in which she makes the following somewhat similar remark :—

“ ‘ This letter is ably written, but in too severe a tone.’

“ Now I and others are of opinion that this latter reference is to Fénelon’s famous letter, which we further believe the king to have actually received, and afterwards to have placed in the hands of Madame de Maintenon.

“ In any case this letter of Fénelon’s is of

the greatest value as a testimony to the vanity of this Bourbon and the frivolities of the age."

Döllinger went on to compare Fénelon and Bossuet, and remarked that the latter possessed the most learning, but was far behind Fénelon in spiritual insight.

I presently ventured to institute a comparison between Louis XIV. and Henry VIII., and in doing so called them both unscrupulous.

"No," replied Döllinger, "neither of these monarchs were unscrupulous. They each had a conscience, although a distorted one. Louis XIV. was reasoned into the belief that he would accomplish a good work by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and so he actually took the measure. Men of this description have been carefully educated, and taught to separate their religious from their worldly notions, their wills from their deeds, and to regard any doubt on this head as a sin. Louis XIV. had a wide field open to him, in

which to do or to leave undone. He was no theologian, nor had he the smallest desire to be one; he left this to Jesuits and priests. The latter demanded from him as a good work the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and it was, he argued, their business to determine right from wrong. They left him the fullest liberty to manage his own concerns, and he would not interfere in their affairs; especially as time, interest, desire, and understanding failed him for the purpose.

“Therefore you can by no means compare Louis XIV. of France with Henry VIII. of England,” continued Döllinger. “The one man considered himself before all things a theologian, and from this standpoint issued all his despotic commands. The other cared nothing for theology, and was as passive in these matters as Henry was active.”

“Do you not think,” I asked, “that Henry VIII. must have formed a low opinion of

women in general, when he saw how ready they were, one after the other, to enter into an alliance of marriage with him ?”

“ I think you would find,” answered Döllinger, laughing, “ that as far as women are concerned the experience of monarchs differs very little, and that the opinion entertained by these crowned heads that a woman’s will is after all not an unassailable fortress is not held by them without some show of reason. But to return to the question of a religiously perverted conscience. You have only to look at Mahomedanism, and see how Mahomet commanded his followers to slay those of a different faith, promising them Paradise as their reward. Then we have S. Bernard in the twelfth century holding out the hope of heaven to those Christians who should succeed in putting unbelievers to death.

“ Think, too, of the massacre of S. Bartholomew, when the Papal Nuncio actually wrote

from Paris to Rome in the following terms : ‘ It is really edifying to see how the Catholics, the white cross on their breasts, force their way into the houses and murder the heretics.’ ”

During the time that Döllinger was engaged in the preparation of his lecture on Madame de Maintenon, I received the following lines from him :—

“ I find that I shall have to deny myself this week the pleasure of our usual Friday walk, and I am writing to you to propose Monday instead. To-morrow I have to attend a long sitting of the Senate, and the remaining portion of the day is claimed by a lady whose name is not Louise but Francisca. She is very *exigeante*, and occupies much of my time ; the most delicate tact is required in dealing with her, and I find it necessary to carefully weigh every word.”

During our next walk Döllinger gave us the benefit of some of his recent studies by

defining the position occupied by Madame de Maintenon with relation to the famous Edict of Nantes.

“Madame de Maintenon,” said Döllinger, “was a distinguished woman of excellent disposition. That she supported the measure of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes was no great sin on her part. She was strictly pious, and in religious matters submitted herself entirely to the guidance of her director, Godet des Marais, the Bishop of Chartres. This man assured her that the Protestants would offer no resistance to the royal mandate, and the king was likewise so convinced of his own authority that he, as well as the rest, believed that this change of religion would be achieved with the ease of a holiday task. Some did submit without difficulty; those who refused were subjected to cruelties which cannot be justified. But these were greatly softened for the ear of Madame de Maintenon,

and further represented to her as the inevitable consequence of unpardonable obstinacy."

"I cannot understand," I remarked, "how a woman showing in all other respects so much discernment, could be thus blindfolded."

"Because, as I told you," answered Döllinger, "she distrusted herself in religious matters, and gave herself unreservedly to the guidance of Godet, who assured her that it was her vocation to reform the world. This kind of blind reliance is not unusual with women. They are often cleverer than the average man, and yet content to be ruled by him."

"But in a case where a woman has life or death in her hands the dictates she follows are those of her own heart and her own conscience," I interposed.

Döllinger smiled.

"Not improbably, though," I continued, "it would have been to the advantage of

France if she had quietly resigned herself and become altogether Catholic."

"No," replied Döllinger. "Later times have shown us in a somewhat striking manner that the suppression of the Protestant spirit, and the restriction of the Protestant clergy, is decidedly prejudicial to the cause of Christianity. When the *Encyclopædia* appeared, the object of which was to pick to pieces and annihilate the established religion, the Catholic defence, both verbal and written, was the poorest thing of its kind known in the annals of theology. Before that time the Catholic clergy were kept in check by the Protestants, and were obliged to exert themselves not only to keep pace with them in word and deed, but also to eclipse them. With the cessation of this rivalry, Catholic ardour and intellectual endeavour gradually died out, until at last the Catholic priesthood had so deteriorated that it could no longer

hold its own against the encyclopædists. The freethinking notions of the latter were principally gathered from the writings of the Deists, a sect which had made its appearance somewhat earlier in England. The English clergy had, however, combatted the Deists very skilfully, and with such success that they were far from gaining the influence in that country which the encyclopædists afterwards attained in France, when the priesthood had become shallow and uncultivated."

"But to return to Madame de Maintenon," went on Döllinger, after a slight pause. "She once asked the English ambassador, Lord Stair, the following question: 'Can you tell me how it comes to pass that, notwithstanding the fact that France is ruled by a man and England by a woman, with you government affairs all go smoothly, and with us the contrary is the case?' 'For this reason, Madame,' replied Lord Stair, 'that a reign-

ing king is ruled by women, but a reigning queen by men.’’

I then instanced Maria Theresa, and remarked, ‘‘This queen surely kept the reins of government in her own hands.’’

‘‘Even she,’’ said Döllinger, ‘‘allowed herself to be bullied into one of the most decisive acts of her reign, namely, her part in the dismemberment of Poland. Her adoption of this measure, no less than her severities towards the Protestants, is a conspicuous blemish on her character. Austria’s thirst for the acquirement of territory had reached at that time the pitch of absurdity. Maria Theresa was a shrewd and clever woman; but, as is often the case, while she had a keen eye for the business of other people, she was short-sighted in the management of her own affairs. For instance, she watched over Marie Antoinette carefully, and often trembled for her future; but this did not prevent her urging on her

daughter a policy adverse to Prussia. She engaged her child's interests on the side of Austria, and at the same time cut the ground from under her feet in France. It is, alas ! a matter of certainty that it was not only the intrigues of the Polignaes, but the strong influence of Maria Theresa, which roused the antipathies of Marie Antoinette towards the able ministers of Louis XVI. The king was, unfortunately, too weak to withstand his wife's imprudent wishes, and dismissed his ministers, a step which the unhappy Marie Antoinette must often afterwards have bitterly deplored. This queen is said to have once remarked that she would gladly have loved her husband had he not been a sort of Vulcan, eternally busy with his tools, and smelling like a locksmith of the iron in his workshop."

In a very few words Döllinger once gave us some vivid sketches of the principal personages concerned in the French Revolution.

I remember his saying, “Mirabeau died too early. The Revolution would have broken out without the aid of the encyclopædist, but Mirabeau would have been able to constitute it without so much bloodshed. This man had a great opinion of himself, as is shown by his mention of his own well-known ugliness: ‘Il y en a peu, qui comprennent la majesté de ma laideur.’

“La Fayette was a man of excellent disposition, but he suffered from the disease common to Frenchmen—vanity. This was also Diderot’s failing. Vanity is an accepted characteristic of the French nation; but in Diderot’s case we are reminded of Madame de Sévigné’s remark, suggested by the sight of an ugly man—

“‘ Le bon S. exagère le privilége des hommes d’être laid, et le bon Diderot exagérait le privilége des Français d’être vain.’

“Diderot’s ‘Rameau’ and his ‘Salon’

are clever, and contain many poetical beauties, but his ‘Promenade Sceptique’ is disgustingly frivolous, and his historical essays are nothing but empty rhetoric.

“S. Just,” he continued, “was a blood-thirsty tyrant. Forty victims a day to the guillotine could not satisfy his appetite for slaughter. He was withal so ignorant that he once ordered ‘The Laws of Minos’ from a Parisian library.

“Barnave scoffed openly when the blood of the people was shed in the streets of Paris, and exclaimed, ‘Ce sang est il donc si précieux !’ a saying the sharp edge of which was afterwards turned on himself, for he ended by being guillotined.

“Count Duval de Dampière was a swash-buckler, and one of the first men who attempted a balloon ascent. Happening to pay a visit to Berlin, he was so greatly struck with the military regulations of that city,

that he returned to his native Paris wearing a Prussian hat and pig-tail, and was called a fool for his pains by Louis XVI. This man afterwards served the Convention, and it was intended that he should suffer death on the scaffold. He was, however, spared this fate, being struck down by a ball on the battle-field of Famars.

“ We learn from Taine,” Döllinger went on, “ that heroism in death was almost universal at that time. On one occasion the old Duchesse de Noailles, her daughter, and granddaughter were brought together before the tribunal. The old lady was examined first. She was ninety years old, and being very deaf, could not hear the questioner.

“ ‘ Ecrivez,’ said the president to the clerk, “ quelle conspira sourdement contre la république.’

“ The three ladies were guillotined. A great granddaughter of one of them told an

acquaintance of mine that a friend of the Duchesse de Noailles, who was a witness of her death, said that the three women ascended the steps of the guillotine as calmly as though they were going to Communion."

That Döllinger's criticisms were sometimes tolerably sarcastic the following examples will show. He said once, speaking of King Philip III. of Spain—

"He was not as bad as his father, and this is the best that can be said for him."

Again, "The portrait of Queen Isabella of Spain in the royal palace here in Munich is well painted. This queen had to put up with two evils—the Spanish dress and Philip IV."

The following remark of an Austrian minister pleased Döllinger, who told it to us with some amusement:—

"'When we have no minister of any preten-

sion, we send and fetch one from Protestant Germany, make him Catholic, and we have all we require'—a saying," added Döllinger, "which would apply to Jarke and Schlegel."

## CHAPTER VIII.

## TALKS ON POLITICS.

DÖLLINGER spoke with much enthusiasm of General Gordon, the late governor-general of the Soudan, the same who, on January 18, 1884, was summoned by telegram from the Belgian court to London, and after a conference of English ministers, received his commission to start for Suakim.

“A figure of heroic proportions,” remarked Döllinger, “of marvellous integrity of character and sublime abnegation, and stationed on a pinnacle where both Europe and Asia might observe his actions. Second to none in moral grandeur, and worthy to be placed by the side of Bismarck and of Moltke.

I could find it in me to rave about him even in my old age, and how he will stir the enthusiasm of the youthful generation!"

"I am not so sure of that, Dr. Döllinger," I replied. "The youth of the present day are not over much given to enthusiasm."

"How so?" said Döllinger. "Do they no longer feel the need of an ideal, an object for hero-worship, as the English would express it?"

"In an infinitesimally small degree, if at all, I am afraid," I answered.

"Indeed," he said. "Is this really a fact? Take for instance the case of boys reading Homer or Nepos through for the first time. Do you mean to tell me that they no longer have any feeling of enthusiasm for the heroes of these great works?"

"I think the feeling uppermost in their minds is the longing to have done with them," I replied, "and I am sure that on leaving the

Gymnasium they throw aside the study of the Greek language and literature without giving the subject a second thought."

"And I simply devoured Nepos," said Döllinger, "and glowed with enthusiasm for Mithrydates, Marcus Aurelius, Homer, Sophocles, and a host of others. Even now, by way of a treat, I read Greek before I go to bed, and sometimes in the morning. And when I take my evening walk in the English Garden, I go over the Greek tragedies to myself, and find them excellent company.

"With me and my schoolfellows," he continued, "the need of an ideal was a part of ourselves, and I remember how Napoleon fired our admiration, although he was in truth not exactly a fitting object of such unbounded enthusiasm. I can never forget how each unworthy action on his part grieved me, nor how deeply hurt and indignant I was at the mere mention of the death sentence passed by

him on the Duc d'Enghien, on March 20, 1804. At Würzburg I formed one of the crowd of curious youngsters who followed at Napoleon's heels about the town, when he came there to inspect the fortifications. I can see him now in his green uniform and three-cornered hat, his dark complexion and sharply cut features making him appear to my eyes like a figure carved in bronze.

“The newspapers are, I believe, mainly responsible for the prevailing want of enthusiasm in youthful minds,” went on Döllinger, with some warmth. “Look, for instance, at Bismarck, and see how he is bullied and hustled in the process of their handling. The principal features of his career, his remarkable intellectual gifts, his strong original nature, German to the backbone, are all only so many targets for the darts of first one and then the other. Nature cast Bismarck in one mould throughout ; he is a masterpiece of patriotism, but the

press has bespattered him with mud, wilfully misrepresented and miserably caricatured him, placed all his failings in the light, and thrown into the shade his awe-inspiring capabilities. The newspaper-reading youth see the distorted image, weigh the good and bad in the journalistic balance, and end by cheating themselves of a generous enthusiasm for a worthy object. The diplomacy of earlier days has become a lost art, since journalism has come so much to the front and is a factor of such importance in political life. Bismarck's tactics are to speak the truth, but when necessary to speak it in such a misleading fashion as to gain no credence, a result always included in his reckoning."

Döllinger warmed to his subject, as from Bismarck he passed to a general review of the past and present of the national spirit in Germany, his thoughts ranging backwards to the time of Louis the Bavarian.

“Louis the Bavarian,” he said, “had right on his side, but he was confronted by egoism from every quarter. It met him in its most aggravated form in the person of Pope John XXII.

“This man’s leading characteristic was shown even on his election to the Papal chair. The Italian cardinals, sitting in conclave, demanded the restoration to Italy of the Papal seat, and the election or non-election of John turned on this point. He was, therefore, formally asked whether he were minded to transfer the seat of the Papal curia to Italy. To this question John gave the following answer: ‘I will mount neither horse nor mule, nor will I take my seat in a carriage, until I have transferred the Papal chair to Italy,’ and upon this declaration he was elected. The Papal seat, however, remained at Avignon. On representations being made to John to the effect that he was unfaithful to

his promise, he replied that on the contrary he had kept his word to the letter, for that since his election he had neither ridden nor driven a single step, but had always gone on foot from his palace to the church, and from the church to his palace. This anecdote shows the sophistical nature of the man, and his covetousness and the depravity of his life are matters of history.

“This Pope it was who issued a command to the Franciscan order to observe the rule of S. Francis, with regard to the vow of poverty, in a spirit contrary to the intention of their founder, and that of the preceding Pope, Clement V. The Franciscans resisted on the plea that they had sworn obedience, first to their founder and then to Clement V., and were thereupon burned as heretics. The dispute concerning the vow of poverty continued during the government of succeeding Popes, with the result that in Italy and in

the South of France alone, during a period of eighty years, one hundred and fourteen brothers of the Minorite orders suffered death at the stake. A still greater number perished miserably in dungeons, as martyrs to a faithful observance of the rule of their founder. Many of these brothers fled to Louis the Bavarian, and sought refuge in a protective and defensive alliance with the banished Emperor. Their representations so worked on the Emperor that he actually chose a Pope from their midst, Nicholas V., whom he set up in opposition to Pope John. This man was, however, no match for the powerful and tyrannical John. He soon left Louis in the lurch, and making a pilgrimage to Avignon, laid his submission at the feet of the Pope. John's reconciliation took the form of making Nicholas prisoner, and detaining him until he died in captivity.

“These events helped to aggravate the

difficulties of the situation for the king. The electors, at no time conspicuous for patriotism, sold their votes in every direction for exorbitant sums, or the price of an estate. Affairs in Germany had reached such a climax of disgraceful confusion, that it is my belief that even Cæsar, the greatest statesman of the ancient world, would have felt himself unequal to the task of coping with them. France, in spite of internal disruption, presented a united front to her enemies; but when the fatherland was threatened, it was the personal interest of individuals which determined Germany's course of action. The imperial dignity was diminished, and the revenues of the empire squandered in a manner truly scandalous. The Popes then set themselves to the task of punishing Germany by doing away with the custom of hereditary succession to the imperial throne, and introducing instead succession by election.

“ We are able, with tolerable exactitude, to determine the date when this period of contention with the Papacy set in, and the term of its duration, in Germany. It lasted, I think, from 1097 or 1099 to 1870.

“ The war of the throne against the Papacy was waged in France also, but there the nation held to the king, and the French jurists set every faculty to the task of checkmating the Pope on legal grounds set forth in pamphlets. The skill with which they made the corrupt court of Boniface VIII., which certainly laid itself open to their charges, serve their purpose in argument, had something in it really diabolical. But the united efforts of the king and his jurists resulted at last in the victory of Philip the Fair over Boniface, and from that time king and Pope in France have worked together in all good faith. But this has not been the case in Germany. My heart, which is German to

the core, fails within me, when, after such a retrospection, I turn to the latest occurrences in the Reichstag. Will Germany never learn wisdom from history?

“More than once,” went on Döllinger, after a pause, “I was on the point of selecting the history of Germany for the subject of my address at the public sitting of the Academy of Sciences, had not pressure been applied by the Academy to prevent my adoption of a theme in which it would be possible for the Chamber of Deputies to recognize the ring of my own particular coin. The consequence they feared, for which I had no desire to be responsible, was the reduction of the grant to the Academy. So, as my speech might have resembled the seed sown by Cadmus from which sprang armed men, I relinquished my purpose, and chose another subject. Even then my selection not infrequently met with disapproval. Among other matters for which

I was censured, was my alleged preference for French history."

The conversation now turned on France, and Döllinger remarked—

"In the winter of 1881, Lord Acton spent a month at Paris, and had some conversation with the minister of foreign affairs, Barthélemy St. Hilaire, whose estimate of the political situation of that time is remarkable. He was of opinion that France would soon be involved in a war with Germany, for, as he said, '*C'est un point d'honneur pour la France* to support Greece against the Turks.' Austria would, he said, desire to extend her empire as far as the Balkans, and Germany would in this matter be on the side of Austria, which would give the signal for the outbreak of war. With Gladstone at the helm, England would help France. The part Russia would take might be doubtful; but that the whirlpool of war would engulf all nations in its vortex

is just as certain as that the sensational attacks of the German press on Gambetta, and the present government of France, take place at Bismarck's instigation, with the object of damaging the French Ministry, and of sowing useful seeds of dissension."

With regard to the probability of war complications arising between France and Germany, Döllinger was a decided optimist.\* My husband asked him his opinion on this subject in the spring of 1886, and he laughed at the notion.

"Are we to go to war because a few journalists and a handful of agitators clamour for it?" he remarked. "Well, I do not believe in it, and it would certainly be the only case on record of a war being carried on between two nations, without one at least of

\* It will be seen that Döllinger's opinion respecting the probability of war underwent a remarkable change; as the reader will find stated in the subsequent pages. (Trans.)

the parties concerned having desired it. A Parisian of some importance said only the other day, ‘We Frenchmen are fortunate in getting rid of Boulanger as war minister, for this reason alone, that we have no desire for war. We cannot afford it, for the Republic has dealt with our finances in so irresponsible a fashion, that taxes have risen to a preposterous height, while in trade and agriculture we can no longer hold our own against foreign competition. Where then are the necessary funds for a war to come from?’

“Doubtless,” went on Döllinger, “money will be again and again voted for this purpose, for there is a watchword in France to which everything is sacrificed, and this is *l'honneur de la France*. This honour of France it is which requires them to waste money and throw away lives at Tonquin, and obliges them to place the nation on a war footing, which involves France and the neighbouring



countries in an enormous expenditure. The rallying-cry of ‘Honour and Glory’ carries everything before it in France, and these two words are always on the lips of Frenchmen ; but this will not hinder the nation from having to disarm, and being compelled to relinquish the idea of retaliation.”

However, in December of the year 1887 the condition of foreign affairs no longer seemed to Döllinger sufficiently encouraging to warrant him in any cheerful prognostications, and he wrote to me at Erlangen from Munich as follows :—

“The political horizon is overcast indeed. I feel the depressing influence of the dark and threatening storm-clouds, even in the retirement of my study, where I would fain lose myself in the past, but am driven instead to the contemplation of the comfortless present and near future. The confidence of former days, when, as you will remember, I always

prophesied peace, has quite forsaken me now. The tension of the situation becomes more intolerable every moment, while from Russia we have only the worst to fear. In that quarter, rather than in France, lies the real danger of war, for in Russia all parties, from quite opposite motives, unite in ardently desiring it. The Emperor's personal wishes are at a discount, and he will end by being borne along on the stream of public opinion. The only loophole the situation affords, and the fact on which I base my sole remaining hope, is that Russia at the present moment is compelled to use only paper money. The silver rouble has for years been growing more and more scarce, and it has now disappeared altogether, so that the outbreak of war would mean the necessity of borrowing on a gigantic scale. This would inevitably hasten the catastrophe which a numerous and active party desire, namely, the collapse of the existing

system of government. The situation in which we find ourselves with reference to our north-eastern and western neighbours reminds me of the negro who had been the slave of two masters. On being asked which was the worse master, he unhesitatingly replied, ‘Both.’”

Döllinger’s criticism of the interior policy of France is also characteristic. He especially censured the passion for equality so strongly manifested by the French.

“At the present moment,” he said, “the greater number of the lower orders in France make choice of persons of their own calibre to represent them in Parliament. In England birth and knowledge are still recognized authorities, and the people choose their superiors in rank and intellect as members of the national assembly. *Ote-toi que je m'y mette*, is the prevailing spirit of the French chamber, and it is carried so far that

a speaker is seldom allowed to finish his speech, or indeed to speak at all, without interruption, simply because of the impatience of those who are desirous to have their turn. In England a member of Parliament may speak without fear of disturbance, unless there should happen to be an element of the ridiculous in what he says, in which case it is received with unmerciful laughter. Listeners are obliged in self-defence to be armed with a sense of humour, if they would not fall a prey to the tedium or perversity of some random chatterer."

"And yet all this fiery vehemence and enthusiastic eloquence of the French sometimes carries one away," I remarked.

"Only," replied Döllinger, "one ends like the mathematician, who interrupted a burst of applause at the conclusion of an opera, by the exclamation, 'Do tell me what is to come of it.'

“A lady once expressed her surprise that with Grévy at the head of affairs matters made such satisfactory progress. ‘*Mais oui,*’ replied Gambetta, ‘*Grévy est buveur, il est joueur, mais il est grave.*’ What a light this throws on the state of things! Imagine a society which is more than content if only one of its members is sometimes serious. Neither do the French understand by the term serious that settled sobriety of conduct indispensable in the man who is to guide a republic. They simply make of their statesmen an investment for their own interests. He whom they choose as minister must pledge himself in advance to fulfil the wishes of those who elect him; but once at the helm his party must be at his beck and call—a compact on which no republic can long continue to exist.

“North America furnishes us with a striking contrast to this state of things.

The descendants of the Anglo-Saxons, who first founded the republic in that country, adhered to their religion and held fast to the customs of their forefathers, and emigrated on this account. Men of this stamp, who for conscience sake leave hearth and home and worldly goods, are well calculated to constitute a republic. The unsettled religious conditions of the seventeenth century drove the faithful adherents of this or that religious profession to America, and constrained them to the practice of mutual toleration, with the result that present generations are still living on the moral and religious capital bequeathed them by these emigrants. How long this will last, and whether it will survive the constant inpouring of fresh elements from all sides, who can say? It is a contingency to be expected that at any time a usurper may arise to overthrow the republic, and seize the reins of government."

The party spirit of the times, considered in connection with the socialistic phase, roused grave apprehensions in Döllinger's mind, and he gave expression to them in less measured terms than he was wont to use.

"A wide net of social democracy over-spreads the face of Europe. The leaven of Nihilism is at work in Russia, and the destructive party are active and menacing. Louise Michel and her compeers are haranguing in France, and in Ireland the labourer threatens to shoot his employer. Emigration is a useful outlet for national diseases. If Ireland had money to expend in this way, her great conflict with England would be set at rest, and both parties benefited. It is an old saying that expiation follows sin. Instead of setting all their knowledge and every available faculty to the task of clearing away evils, curing them, or averting their consequences, the various parties are taken up with

mean and spiteful squabbles among themselves. Living only for party dissensions, they have no eye for what is going on around them, and no sense of higher questions. We may indeed say with the Emperor Francis I., ‘I and my Metternich will weather it out;’ but for the coming generation the future is fraught with danger. Revolution often marches with fearfully rapid strides. To-day one thing, to-morrow another, is the teaching of France.”

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Döllinger followed the course of political events all over the world with the closest attention, without losing in the slightest degree his keen interest in the affairs of his fatherland. He was before all things in heart and soul a Bavarian. Maximilian II. had nominated him a life member of the Bavarian Chamber of the Council of the Empire, and the following letter to my husband, written

on January 28, 1870, gives some indication of the political standpoint he occupied :—

“At the present critical juncture, and while I am still under the impression which yesterday’s negotiations in the Council, with reference to the address, produced on me, I indulge myself in a few observations.

“The address of the members of the Council, yesterday accepted, is directed against the ministry, and against Prince Hohenlohe in particular, whom they desire to be rid of at all costs. Now the point of view from which Haubensmied and myself oppose the address is this. We allege that the rights of the Crown are thereby infringed, and the way prepared for a so-called parliamentary government, in accordance with which the monarch would be required to submit to have new ministers thrust upon him on each occasion, by a shifting majority in the Chamber. From obvious motives, it would be to the advantage of the

Crown to preserve the continuance of the present administration, instead of accepting a new ministry at the hands of whichever party may be uppermost in the Chamber at the time. Such a measure is new to Bavaria, and would form a dangerous precedent. In my opinion the fewer changes in the ministry the better, and certainly the election of the ministers should not take place at the dictum of any party. The whole country should see plainly that the king is not minded to have his sovereign right in the free election of his ministers wrested from him. What Bavaria needs more than aught else is sufficient strength in the Crown to enable it to rise superior to party factions."

Döllinger spoke very openly of his own past political career.

"Yes," he said, "you are right in concluding that I once enjoyed the reputation of being an ultramontane politician. If the truth

were known, it was really more that I was urged in that direction by my friends than that I had any personal predilection for that side. For instance, I protested with all my might against entering the Chamber of Deputies, but Abel, who was then in office, would allow none of my counter arguments to stand. I had to become a member, and was unfeignedly rejoiced when Louis I. put an end to my activity in this capacity."

"May I ask, Dr. Döllinger, how it came about that you were thus deprived of the professorship in 1847?" I inquired.

"The history of my dismissal is connected with a somewhat curious story," replied Döllinger. "My friends, Görres, Philipps, Moy, and others, formed a powerful party under Abel, but occupied an isolated position in the University, having no fellowship with other professors holding different political or religious views. The overthrow of this party

was brought about by the curiosity of a certain lady. The existing ministry were fully awake to the encroachments of the notorious Lola Montez, and in view of the destruction which menaced both the throne and country, they secretly resolved to address a petition to Louis I., humbly praying him to dismiss his favourite, and setting forth the grounds on which they based their request.

“Rumours of this business soon got afloat. People began to whisper, and one fine day a sister of one of the ministers, goaded by curiosity, discovered the petition. She imparted the news in the strictest confidence to her most intimate friends, and they in their turn secretly read the memorial, with the result that, some time after the important document had been safely restored to its hiding-place, its contents appeared, nobody knew how, in the newspapers.

“The panic of the ministers was great, and

the king's displeasure still greater. He suspected treachery, and considered the publication of such a petition treasonable. Remonstrances were of no avail; the ministers were dismissed, and their adherents fled in every direction. I, who had been nominated a member of the Chamber by the University, much against my will, had to resign office at the bidding of the king. His Majesty was greatly incensed; and meanwhile the excited populace were assembling in crowds before the house of Lola Montez.

“On this, Prince Vrede stepped to the front, argued that the Monarchy was in danger, and declared that there was but one method of quelling a tumult of this description, and that was by firing on the crowd. For this speech, at such a juncture, he was elected minister on the spot. The feeling against the king's favourite was, however, so strong that Lola had to fly, and her friends

met with considerable persecution. The 'Cartridge Minister,' as Vrede was nicknamed, only wielded the wand of office for a few hours, and then retired."

In 1848 Döllinger was elected a member of the Frankfort Parliament, and at Mayence he assisted to found the "Catholic Union of Germany." He was present at the conference of bishops at Würzburg, and on his return to Munich in 1849 was re-established by Maximilian II. as professor of theology. Some years later the king nominated him a Knight of the Order of Maximilian, for art and science, and made him a member of the Chapter.

During one of our walks Döllinger related to us the following incident of the reign of Maximilian II. The story is interesting in itself, but especially so as showing the unprejudiced tone of Döllinger's mind, in the terms in which he speaks of Archbishop Scherr, at whose hands he had certainly received very little good.

“In 1859,” he said, “the growing discontent of the members of the Chamber with the ministry, and especially with Count Reigersberg, had made rapid and disturbing progress. As the surest method of dealing with this evil, the king was counselled to have recourse to a *coup d'état*, and thus to put a summary end to the agitation. The king did not approve of the project, and was still further strengthened in his opinion by Scherr, who said to him, ‘Your Majesty took the constitutional oath, and a *coup d'état* would be a breach of it.’

“It was on this occasion, also, that Maximilian II. made the noble-spirited remark, ‘I desire to live at peace with my people.’

“Now it cannot be said,” went on Döllinger, “that ecclesiastical advice is always so straightforwardly and conscientiously given. How many oaths of allegiance sworn by Austrian, Bavarian, and French princees, have not the

Popes cancelled in earlier days! The extent to which this was carried is evidenced by a document in which the Protestant princes bound over their Catholic compeers 'not to call in the aid of Papal authority to make their plighted promises null and void.'"

In 1880 Professor Schulte published a work on Old Catholicism, in which appeared some letters addressed by King Louis II. to Döllinger, on the subject of the latter's declaration against the dogma of infallibility. The appearance in print of these letters obliged Döllinger to make a public statement in the columns of the "*Allgemeine Zeitung*," to the effect that he was in no way responsible for their publication, which had taken place without his knowledge or connivance.

"Did you see my statement in the '*Allgemeine Zeitung* ' ?" asked Döllinger, as we met and greeted at the door of his house one day before setting off on our walk.

“Yes, indeed,” replied my husband. “We read the letters too, which were copied into the ‘Münchener Neueste Nachrichten,’ and at once came to the conclusion that they had been published without your authorization.”

“Of course,” said Döllinger. “Such an act on my part would have been tactless in the extreme, and an unpardonable breach of discretion. I will tell you the history of the matter.

“Professor von Schulte was at that time staying with me, and we had many talks on the subject of Old Catholicism. We discussed the question very thoroughly, often reading aloud portions of letters we had each received, and together examining various other written matter. Schulte often carried some of these letters addressed to me away with him into his room, and it appears made copies of many of them, without my knowledge. These letters of Louis II. to myself were among the number

of those taken by him for this purpose. You may imagine that I was unfeignedly astonished when I saw these letters in print, and received Professor von Schulte's explanation of the matter. He begged me to excuse his action, assuring me that he had over and over again debated within himself whether he should ask my permission to publish these letters or not. The certainty that I should refuse his request decided him, he said, to act straight off, on his own responsibility, and he further added that in his opinion the importance of these letters to the cause of Old Catholicism fully excused his audacity. Schulte is somewhat unscrupulous, but I have a high opinion of his powers. He is undeniably one of the four most distinguished living theologians of Europe. He is highly cultivated, and very clever. His book is historically remarkable, and will greatly contribute to a clearer understanding of this question.

“I have hitherto kept silence concerning these letters and as to the king’s views, but now that they are published, I may tell you that I was at that time sorely tempted by Louis II., the king being of opinion that I could, notwithstanding the sentence of ex-communication passed upon me, continue to celebrate mass. I had to tell his Majesty that neither on his account nor my own could I do this, as such an act of rebellion against the Church and Pope would only lead to grave and deplorable conflicts.”

But neither the encouragement he received at this time from the king, nor the repulse which quickly followed it, shook Döllinger’s loyalty, or disturbed his equanimity. His motto was “*Nil temere, nil timide,*” and he carried it out in his actions.

Gladstone calls Döllinger a German of the Germans; and Döllinger himself in some glowing words spoken on August 1, 1872, on the

occasion of the four hundredth anniversary of the founding of the University at Munich, gave expression to his deep love for his country, and at the same time pointed out the high place occupied by Germany in the history of the civilization of the nations.

“Germany is the intellectual centre from which proceed the great ideas which sway the world. She attracts all thought within her scope, shapes it, and sends it forth into the universe clothed with a power which is her own. Hers is the battle-field upon which all the great intellectual contests have been fought. There is no other nation upon earth which can approach the German people in many-sidedness, in the gift of turning to account strange elements, and none which possesses in so great a measure, side by side with this power of adaptation, the quality of steadfast untiring research, and that of original creative genius. Out of all the

nations of the modern world, the German people, like the Greeks of old, have been called to an intellectual priesthood, and to this high vocation they have done no dis-honour."

## CHAPTER IX.

## DÖLLINGER'S RELATION TO ART AND LITERATURE.

DÖLLINGER had a warm feeling for art in general; and if his singing of mass was not a musical treat for the worshippers, this was because he had no voice, not that he was lacking in musical taste. It was only necessary to see him at one of the oratorio concerts in this town, which he rarely missed an opportunity of attending, to be convinced that he listened with rapt attention to the melodies of Bach, Handel, Haydn, and Beethoven, and that they told upon his mood. A pianoforte sonata by Mozart, and a song entitled "The Violet," by the same composer, gave him exquisite pleasure, and he counted an oppor-

tunity of listening to the sacred strains of Palestrina or of Bach one of the highest enjoyments which this life affords.

He had studied and was deeply embued with the poetry of all cultivated nations, and he brought the same trained intelligence to bear upon the simple repetition of a psalm, as in reciting portions of a Greek tragedy or any of the songs of Homer. He rejoiced when “*OEdipus*” was revived at the theatre, for, as he said, “Sophocles has here movingly attested the truth of the law that ‘the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children;’” and I remember his turning to my husband and quoting passages from the play in Greek to this effect, and immediately afterwards translating them for my benefit. Sometimes it was an ode of Horace which occurred to him, or, if the conversation admitted it, he would quote at length from Milton. Tasso’s “*Jerusalem Delivered*,” and Ariosto’s “*Orlando*

*Furioso*," were among the many works thus stored up in his memory.

In speaking of Aristophanes, Döllinger said, "With this author we must overlook much that is coarse and obscene, but occasionally his flashes of humour are wonderfully brilliant."

I remember his relating "The Knights" to us, and in doing so how completely he made us realize, as though it were a question of our own day, the condition of Greek politics at that time.

Döllinger's knowledge of Shakespeare was profound, and he would often draw parallels between his writings and those of the old classic authors. He once told us the following story of how through Shakespeare he was first brought to the study of the English language.

"As a boy, I had a strong desire to read this poet in his own language, and with this

idea I hunted Würzburg high and low for an English master. My search was quite unsuccessful, until I bethought myself of applying to the monastery for Scotch monks. This establishment was being quietly suffered to die out, but still sheltered a few brothers, and to one of these I carried my petition. The old man looked me up and down in silence for a minute, and then replied that he was willing to undertake the task. My English lessons began on the next day, and were carried on with much zeal on the part of both master and pupil. I was soon able to read Shakespeare in his original tongue, and my enthusiasm for the heroes of his works knew no bounds.

“On one of these days, I begged my friendly monk to lend me a biography of Mary Stuart. The brother gave me permission to hunt for one myself in the library, and soon after I went home thoroughly

happy, a volume of Scotch history under my arm. I read diligently, and searched page after page, without arriving at Mary Stuart, and at last, unable to make it out, I carried my disappointment to the monk. He looked puzzled at first, but all at once put his hand to his forehead, and gave me the following explanation of the matter. One of the brothers, long since dead, had studied this history, and from sheer indignation at the slanders heaped upon Mary Stuart by the author, had abstracted the chapter in question, and torn it to bits."

"Voltaire was one of my first literary friends," Döllinger said to us on another occasion. "I read him when I was ten years old. My father possessed a great many French books, and he left the choice of my reading pretty well to my own discretion. At that time I found 'Les Romans de Voltaire' quite as harmless as I was myself.

Later I formed a somewhat different judgment of these tales."

Döllinger would always light up with animation when the conversation happened to turn on the "Don Quixote" of Cervantes. He knew by heart every adventure, and almost every turn of speech of the "knight of the windmills," who, he said, "draws tears and laughter at the same time."

It was this ever present and current interest not only in the literary masterpieces of classic and modern writers, but in mediæval legendary lore, which made Döllinger's conversation so remarkable, and lent to it a peculiar fascination.

We were talking on one occasion of Clemens Brentano. Döllinger mentioned the true poetry, and some of the peculiarities of his style, which he said were especially emphasized in his "Founding of Prague." Then, by a natural transition, he passed to

the history of that time, and held us keenly interested while his fluent narration touched point after point, in the most easy and accomplished manner. Or he would take one of Walter Scott's novels, and contrive to bring out all its beauties, entering at the same time into the historical facts on which the story hung, in a manner which compelled attention, and gave his relation all the interest of a thrilling tale. Scott's "Ivanhoe" it was which, in his youth, had first roused his interest in the fate of the Templars, a subject which he chose as the theme of his last academy lecture.

He knew the first and second parts of Goethe's "Faust" nearly by heart, and I remember his once saying—

"The sciences were at a low ebb in Goethe's time, as we all know, and it was his own urgent craving after knowledge, which he describes so realistically in 'Faust.'

The idea underlying the tragedy is a grand one, but the passage—

“‘That yonder place gives me but small concern.  
When thou hast first shattered this world to atoms  
There may be others then, for aught I care’\* ”

is illogical, and displeases me.”

Among other arts, that of painting possessed a great attraction for Döllinger. He often visited the old Pinakothek, the art exhibitions, and the Schleissheimer Gallery. His favourite artist was Van Eyck, and the rapt expression of fervour which this artist infused into the faces of his saints, never failed to delight him. He would look with so keen and at the same time sympathetic an eye at any picture which especially appealed to him, that he really made it a part of himself; and should the con-

\* Goethe’s “Faust.” From the German, by John Anster, LL.D. In the German the passage runs:—

“Das Drüben kann mich wenig kümmern;  
Schlägst du erst diese Welt zu Trümmern.  
Die andre mag darnach entstehn.”

versation at any future time turn upon the painting, he was able to recount the various elements which to him made up its charm, with the greatest minuteness.

In this way he once told us of a picture, representing a prison scene during the time of the French Revolution, which he had seen many years ago in an exhibition at Paris.

“The picture,” he said, “made a profound impression upon me, and I remember it as though I had seen it yesterday. The scene is a prison hall, in which men and women of all ranks are standing about, very variously grouped. A prison official is engaged in reading aloud from a list the names of those persons condemned to death. The arrangement and disposition of the figures, the expression on the faces, varying in each case, according as they are affected or not by the reading of the sentences, is painted with terrible force, and touched me deeply.

“That reign of terror,” went on Döllinger, “gave rise to the most remarkable situations, affording us on the one hand instances of high-souled devotion and heroic courage, and on the other of cynicism, fanaticism, and sensuality. People caught at any and every means of drowning the sense of their terrible situation. ‘*Nous avons tous quatrevingts ans*,’ was the significant saying of the prisoners, and in this spirit they indulged in social irregularities, and all kinds of license.

“A love passage of this description forms the groundwork of Ernest Renan’s French drama, entitled, ‘L’Abbesse de Jouarre.’ An abbess condemned to death by the revolutionary tribunal, is imagined on the night before her execution to be seduced by her lover, a prisoner like herself, to whom she had for years been attached with a chaste affection. An influential officer, who had been present at her condemnation, is so moved by her

beauty that he obtains a reversal of her sentence, and notwithstanding all her prayers, and an attempt at suicide on her part, she is set at liberty, while her lover meets his death on the scaffold. She becomes a mother, and from that time supports herself and her child by the most menial labour. Seven years after she marries the officer who saved her life against her will and in so doing obliged her to drain this cup of bitter experiences.

“The play is cleverly written,” said Döllinger, “and has many beauties. There are exquisite touches in it, which I have often admired, but the subject is a doubtful one, and I incline to the opinion that such a piece had better never have been written.

“Relations of this kind between martyrs of opposite sexes, such as were alluded to in one of the newspapers, have no foundation in fact, and I do not remember a single historical instance which can be brought forward in



support of the statement. The love passages said to have taken place between S. Cyprian and S. Justina are pure invention, as every scholar knows. There is a magnificent painting of this subject in the Belvedere at Vienna, of which I possess an engraving which used at one time to hang in my study."

In artistic matters Döllinger was true to his instinct of looking at the essence of things rather than at their external side, for it was invariably the spirit of a picture which attracted him before the *technique*. It is characteristic of Döllinger, that in his memorial speech on Professor J. Sighart, he especially emphasized as one of Sighart's excellencies, that in his historical account of the rise and progress of the fine arts in the kingdom of Bavaria, "he took for his theme the history of the artistic conceptions of each epoch, and not only their outward expression."

"In the course of a conversation which I

once had with Peter von Cornelius," said Döllinger to us one day, "I very strongly expressed my dislike to the common artistic method of depicting the three Persons of the Blessed Trinity. I said that, in my opinion, to represent God the Father as an old man with a long white beard, the Son as a youth, and the Holy Ghost as a highly realistic dove, was to destroy the purely spiritual conception of the Blessed Trinity, that idea which may never be expressed, and to provide us instead with a grossly material symbolism. Cornelius disagreed with me, and we had a long discussion on the subject. He was too entirely and solely a painter to be willing to part with the accepted traditional figures, and our argument ended, as such discussions often do, by each of us holding to our own opinion."

Another day, in the course of conversation, Döllinger said—

"Peter Hess once came to me in a great

flurry of excitement. It appeared that Louis I. had just honoured him with a commission to paint frescoes for the Church of S. Boniface, and that he was desired to forward sketches of the proposed work to his Majesty as soon as possible.

“‘And now, my dear Döllinger,’ said Hess, ‘I want your help and advice. Might I ask you to write an account for me of the various incidents in the life of S. Boniface?’ Of course I complied with his request. The designs were soon ready, and the king was enchanted, not only with the choice of episodes, but with the prompt manner in which his wishes had been carried out.

“I was also,” went on Döllinger, “quite unintentionally the originator of Wilhelm von Kaulbach’s picture, ‘The Inquisitor Don Pedro Arbues de Epila.’ The subject is finely treated, as is always the case with Kaulbach, but the picture gives one a feeling

of horror. When I learned that the beatification of Arbues was seriously contemplated at Rome, I was indignant that there should be any question of the canonization of a man who had been guilty of such deeds of cruelty, and with the view of hindering such a step, if possible, I wrote two newspaper articles on the subject of the Inquisition.\* In these I sketched the historical development of the Inquisition, and went on to describe Arbues, and the way in which he won for himself in Saragossa the name of an '*accerrimus persecutor hæresium.*' His activity as Inquisitor lasted from May 4, 1484, to September 5, 1485, and in the fulfilment of his office he

\* These essays were published in January, 1867, in the Supplement to the "Allgemeine Zeitung," under the respective titles of "Rome and the Inquisition," and "Arbues." They have quite recently been reprinted in the "Kleinere Schriften" (Stuttgart. J. G. Cotta. 1891), edited after Döllinger's death by Professor Reusch.

incurred the bitterest hatred. Finally he was fallen upon at night in the church by Johann de Labadia, whose sister he had condemned to a shameful death, and Johann Sperandius, whose father he had thrown into prison, and received his death-wound at the hands of these two men. Florente tells us that more than two hundred people suffered death in expiation for the murder of Arbues, and a greater number still were imprisoned. The following passage will suffice just to show you the spirit of these articles :—

“ ‘ Innocent XI., during the entire period of his pontificate, undertook no single canonization, and not only enjoined the utmost circumspection with regard to such a measure, but strongly deprecated its too frequent employment. Now this Pope was a man so distinguished for his virtues that he was himself deemed worthy of canonization, and in his case, as in that of Bishop Palafox, of

Mexico, it was only the intrigues of the Jesuits, whose opponents they had been, which caused the collapse of the undertaking. Far removed from the spirit of these wise exhortations of Innocent XI. is the action of to-day, when we actually behold the gloomy figures of the Inquisition held up to our veneration as shining examples of the Christian character. Would it not be more in accordance with the spirit of the gospel, if the forthcoming great Church festival at Rome were to be associated with a solemn and formal repudiation of the Inquisition and its iniquities ?'

"The two articles," said Döllinger, "created much sensation at Rome, but to no purpose. The canonization of Arbues was there carried out with great festal solemnity. Although I sent in the essays anonymously, and not wishing to turn public conjecture towards Munich had them dated and despatched from France, I was instantly recognized as

the author. Kaulbach told me himself that he had first thoroughly assimilated the idea of Arbues, as I had described him, and had then set himself to carry out his conception with all possible intensity."

Döllinger much regretted the historical want of accuracy in Karl von Piloty's well-known picture, "The Female Martyr," in which heathen priests are represented as passing by the dead body in procession. "Both Greeks and Romans," he said, "considered the immediate neighbourhood of a corpse to be especially defiling. Persons who had touched or even approached a dead body, were not allowed to set foot in a temple, or undertake any sacred office, until they had undergone a complete ritual cleansing. Director von Piloty came to see me expressly about this picture, and I then acquainted him with all these customs, and referred him to the Acts relating to martyrs. But painters are not to

be reckoned with, and Piloty refused to be bound by historical fact."

Döllinger once suggested the following subject to a young artist, who had to paint a picture representing some incident of Spanish history :—

"The Cardinal Portocarro persuading the sick and dying king, Charles II. of Spain, to affix his signature to the deed which nominates the grandson of Louis XIV., Duke Philip of Anjou, his successor and heir to the throne. The king, though only thirty-six years of age, is in appearance an enfeebled old man. The royal chamber is filled with pictures of saints, and cases containing relics, brought thither from the churches of Madrid. With the Cardinal there were actually present two confessors in monkish garb, and these two figures should be partially visible in the background. The Cardinal, the man of most distinguished rank in the king-

dom, was sixty-five years old, tyrannical and passionately ambitious. In the presence of the helpless and unhappy monarch, he felt himself the man in whose hands rested the fate of Spain. In the countenance of the king, the peculiar formation of the corners of the mouth, a well-known characteristic of members of the house of Hapsburg, should be carefully expressed." This picture was, alas, never executed.

In November, 1884, Döllinger received an invitation from Lenbach, the painter, to visit him at his atelier. The Crown Princess of Germany, now the Empress Frederick, was to be there, and wished to make his acquaintance, and of course he gladly obeyed the summons.

Lenbach's studio was a perfect treasure-house of works of art of every age, and in these surroundings the group gathered round the portrait of Bismarck, which the Pope had commissioned the artist to paint for the

Vatican gallery, must have formed a picture in itself of more than common interest.

The Princess, full of bright cheerfulness, with as yet no foreboding of the heavy trials which the future held in store for her; Lenbach, with his mobile features, and abrupt changes of expression, at one moment inspired, and at the next sarcastic; the veteran Döllinger, his remarkable countenance wearing at times a look curiously cold, and yet capable of lighting up into a glow of animation.

The Crown Princess appeared to Döllinger at this interview as a singularly gifted and courteous lady. She conversed on art with much keen appreciation, and talked with Döllinger of the work on which he was then engaged.

“How much must have taken place before the Pope ordered Bismarck’s portrait!” was one of her remarks on this occasion.

Döllinger and Lenbach had a mutual veneration

tion for each other. They differed widely in age, profession, intellectual bent, and mode of life; but the love of truth, the spiritual intuition, and the beauty of form which distinguished the works of the illustrious artist, were all equally present in the writings of the great scholar.

In consequence of a tradition dating from his earliest childhood, which he had been accustomed to hear daily confirmed, Döllinger had arrived at the modest conclusion that he was exceedingly plain. He was therefore not a little astonished and amused on learning that Lenbach saw in his sharply cut features anything but ugliness pure and simple. This artist painted him again and again, and always skilfully.

Once when the sitting was to take place on a Friday, Döllinger wrote to me: "Lenbach has extorted a promise from me to sit to him on Friday. He is anxious—only he knows

why—to paint me once more. He declares he has only now arrived at the real mystery of my plain countenance, and is at last in a position to paint an adequate classical portrait, fit to go down to posterity. I think I see you laugh, but he is dreadfully in earnest, and as a preliminary he has had me photographed, which was no laughing matter for me. Now, when it is too late to make an alteration in this arrangement, I have just remembered that Friday is your day, and I am in the same position as Buridan's ass, between two bundles of hay. All I can do is to offer you compensation. I am free on Saturday."

Some years ago Gabriel Max painted a picture of Judas Iscariot, choosing for his subject the moment of agonized remorse in which the traitor hung himself. In the painting, as in the legend, the cord is represented as having given way, and Judas is left

half-throttled in the branches of the tree, while ravens are depicted circling round his half-dead form.

“In the second century after Christ,” remarked Döllinger, “there was quite another version of the history of Judas, according to which the traitor was supposed to live for many years after the death of Christ, and to grow so fat that at last he could take no exercise except in a carriage.”

The same artist, Gabriel Max, also painted a beautiful picture of Katharina Emmerich, a Westphalian village girl, said to be marked with the stigmata, and subject to visions. In connection with this girl, Döllinger related to us the following incident:—

“Brentano, who had been the hero of many adventurous love affairs, ended by becoming a mystic, and took up his residence for two years in a Westphalian village, with the object of hearing and setting down in writing

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the visions of this Katharina Emmerich. He told me at different times enough about the girl to make me certain that I possessed the key to some of these alleged miraculous appearances, and I think what I am going to tell you sufficiently proves that I was right.

“In Spain, during the reign of Philip IV., a certain book, written by a nun, and entitled ‘The Mystic City of God,’ created a great sensation. This nun was a Franciscan, and in accordance with the views of her order at that time, she exaggerated the reverence paid to the Blessed Virgin into a fantastic and fanatical cult. The desire and intention of these adherents of S. Francis was to exalt the opinion entertained concerning the Immaculate Conception into a dogma. They little imagined that this desire of theirs would, after remaining in abeyance for two hundred years, first be carried into effect by Pius IX.

“Brentano read this book, and while admiring many passages for their beauty and truth, thought others unworthy and exaggerated, particularly one in which the redemption of mankind was principally ascribed to the Mother of God. He detailed this nun’s statements to Katharina Emmerich, together with his own opinion of the work, and then eagerly awaited the effect of his communications. To his intense astonishment a few days later the girl told him she had had a remarkable vision. She said she had seen the book, entitled ‘The Mystic City of God,’ spread out before her, with those passages which he had approved standing clearly out in letters of light, and the rest indistinctly visible in the darkness. Then she beheld a great temple, and angels and saints on the right hand and on the left to guard the entrance. The Blessed Virgin, she said, sought to enter in through the gates, but

they were small and narrow, and she could not gain admittance, save through the help of the Franciscans, who passed her through. Brentano actually did not see that Katharina Emmerich, with feminine ingenuity, had merely adapted his narrative and reproduced it as a vision."

Döllinger's outward appearance has been rendered familiar to the public by engravings, pen-and-ink sketches, photographs, and busts, in addition to the portraits before alluded to. He wrote to me from Tegernsee, on August 4, 1887, with regard to one of these artistic attempts.

"I have had to sacrifice from fifteen to sixteen hours in sitting or standing for my bust to an artist, Herr Hildebrand, who happens to be staying here. It is an old weakness of mine to yield too easily to ladies' wishes, and this is a case of paying the penalty. It is, however, something of a com-

pensation to hear on all sides that the bust has turned out a great success."

The sculptor Kopf, at Rome, modelled a masterly bust of Döllinger for the library of the Baroness von Cramerklett. Julius Zumbusch also accomplished a medallion for presentation by members of the Academy of Sciences to their president on his ninety-first birthday. But Döllinger's death changed this token of veneration intended for his gratification into a memorial for posterity.

## CHAPTER X.

## CONCLUSION.

IN December of 1889, Döllinger's health was failing, and his doctor ordered him to discontinue his afternoon and evening walks, and to take his daily exercise at midday instead. At this time I received the following lines from him :—

“I need not say that I shall still be charmed to take my midday walk in Eisenhart company. I only regret that I am not a little more ‘iron hard’ myself. I shall hope to see you to-morrow at ten minutes after twelve.”

It was on a Thursday at noon that Dr. Döllinger and myself took our last walk

together. My husband was detained by a meeting of the Senate, and we two walked together as far as Schwabing and back. I observed that he breathed rather shortly and seemed to pant a little in walking, but in mind he had never seemed brighter, and in manner he was as kind and courteous as ever.

“What a beautiful day,” he remarked, “and how much better one feels for this glorious sunshine! And yet this light is but the faintest image of that radiance through which alone God manifests Himself to the created being, as Dante has it in his ‘Paradiso.’ I believe the ‘Inferno’ is generally accepted as the finest portion of the ‘Divina Commedia,’ but the ‘Purgatorio’ and the ‘Paradiso’ also contain stores of beauty.”

In talking thus we had arrived at Döllinger’s favourite theme. Dante was not simply the poet for whom he felt the greatest admiration; it was rather that there existed a marked

spiritual affinity between the two, and to a certain extent they shared the same fate. Döllinger held, with Dante, exalted views concerning the mission of the Church and of theology, and Dante embodied for Döllinger in his “*Paradiso*” that high and noble conception of the priesthood which was the latter’s dearest vision.

“Dante should be a favourite with women,” he observed, “for certainly no poet, before or since, is half so chivalrous towards them. Francisca da Rimini is the only feminine being whom he consigns to hell, and even she is represented as more or less contented there, inasmuch as her fate involves no separation from her lover. He does not let men off so easily, and is especially hard on the two Popes.”

“I sometimes wonder,” I said, “that the penalty incurred by Dante was not still more severe.”

“You see,” said Döllinger, “it was the principle involved—the articles of faith—which were so strictly fenced, more than the person of the Pope. Had Dante sinned against these, he would have been burnt alive. His lot was sad enough. How simply yet how pitifully he sets it before us in the words: ‘Oh friend, you know not what it is to climb these strange steps day by day.’ He always hoped that Rudolf and Albrecht of the house of Hapsburg would come to Italy, and would rally all around them there. The emperors did no such thing; they knew too well that not only would they be powerless for good, but that in so doing their cause was lost, and they left matters as they were. The question Dante places on the lips of Pope Nicholas in hell, who cries from his coffin to Boniface VIII., ‘*Se ’tu già costi ritto?*’\* has become a saying for all time.

\* “Ha! already standest there?” (Cary’s DANTE, „Hell.” Canto xix. 54).

“ Were it not for the explanations which Dante’s son, Pietro, and other writers of that time have left behind them, we should still be greatly in the dark concerning many portions of this poem. Take for instance that apathetic figure which Dante places in a sort of antechamber to hell itself. If Pietro had not told us that Celestine V. was here indicated, who to-day would have been able to identify this personage? It seems that Dante had looked for important reforms at the hands of Celestine, who was a pious-minded man, but entirely unfitted for his office, and was indignant that this Pope did not attempt to hinder either the various abuses which had crept in, or the money dealings and immoralities of the clergy. For the rest, the great poet does seem to have gone by a certain rule, for he places sinners who repent when on their death-beds in Purgatory, and those who die in their sins in hell. Every rule has its exceptions, and

Dante also made a few, when and where he pleased, saving some and condemning others. His knowledge of history is astonishing, though of course, like all his contemporaries, he sometimes confused legend with historical fact. The power of distinguishing truth from fiction was a later acquisition. In those earlier days people were more credulous and less critical.

“Many years ago,” went on Döllinger, “I was allowed to undertake a work which gave me much pleasure, namely the furnishing of explanatory notes to Cornelius’s sketches illustrating Dante’s ‘*Paradiso*.’”\* Then, with

\* “*Sketches illustrating Dante’s ‘Paradiso,’*” by Peter von Cornelius, with explanatory text by Dr. Ignatius von Döllinger. (Munich. 1830.) Published at Leipzig by Boerner. These sketches by Cornelius were designs for fresco-paintings to be executed for the Marchese Massini at Rome. The painter was, however, summoned by Louis I. of Bavaria to Munich, to paint the interior of the Church of S. Louis, an interruption which prevented the completion of the work.

his usual unfailing memory, he went over this talented artist's finely conceived designs, quoting passages from the notes he had just mentioned.

This commentary of Döllinger's on Dante's "Paradiso" is now almost forgotten, but it well deserves to be reprinted. For those who desire to form some judgment of Döllinger, not only as a Christian but as a Catholic priest, it contains much enlightenment. The intellectual and religious tendency of these notes points directly to the position taken up by Döllinger in the year 1830, and in no subsequent treatise has the great theologian defined it more attractively. Nor is it difficult to recognize that the standpoint in question is, to all intents and purposes essentially the same as that which he occupied when summoned to another world. I may therefore be excused for presently quoting a few passages.

The first sketch shows us Dante, having parted with Virgil, under whose guidance he has traversed first the realm of darkness, and then the abode of penance and of purification, now wandering with Beatrice through the spheres of Paradise. He obeys her implicitly, receiving from her lips the clearest instruction concerning the kingdom of God, and all that appertains to it. The higher she ascends with him the more glorious and radiant does she become, until he beholds her at length in the Empyrean, clothed with a beauty inexpressible, which defies conception, and which none but God can fully enjoy.

“Beatrice,” explained Döllinger, “signifies theology, not in its abstract meaning as the letter of religious science, but as the living daughter of heaven, the blessed knowledge of God and of holy things, the highest divine gift of grace, enabling us to behold here, as in a glass, that which we shall hereafter gaze on face to face.”

In the next sketch Beatrice and Dante have reached the sphere of the moon. The field of vision is encircled by choirs of angels, and of this Döllinger gave the following explanation:—

“Dante’s idea, here expressed, is that all worlds or spheres of Paradise are set in motion by heavenly angels or powers, who in their turn receive their impulse from God, the essence of all being. As before the Empyrean is reached there are nine heavens, so all theologians are agreed that there are nine choirs of angels, and to each heavenly choir is apportioned a special sphere of Paradise. Thus Beatrice says—

“The virtue and the motion of the sacred orbs,  
As mallet by the workman’s hand, must needs  
By blessed movers be inspired.” \*

(Cary’s DANTE, “Paradise.” Canto ii. 127-129.)

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\* “Lo moto e la virtù de’ santi giri,  
Come dal fabbro l’arte del martello,  
Da’ beati motor convien che spiri.”

(DANTE, “Paradiso.” Canto ii. 127-129.)

In the third sketch the wanderer, in traversing the spheres of Paradise, has reached the sun. This is the abode of those blessed spirits who had once been teachers of the Church and masters of theology; and Döllinger explained—

“ All whom Dante places in this sphere are men who were distinguished upon earth for their wisdom and deep apprehension of Divine things. Peter the Lombard, who wrote the celebrated manual of theology in universal use during the middle ages. The two mystics, Dionysius the Areopagite, and Richard of S. Victor. Solomon is also here—he to whom God vouchsafed before all other men the gift of wisdom, and of whom Dante makes S. Thomas Aquinas say that his light is goodliest of all.”

Out of this throng of blessed spirits, in number four and twenty, the artist has selected three of the most important figures—S. Thomas

Aquinas, Albert the Great, and S. Bonaventure, a member of the Minorite order. Döllinger says of these—

“ The group composed of these three men forms in itself a perfect whole. Each of them represents one of the requirements which united forms the task which the Catholic Church imposes on her priesthood. This task is briefly this: First, the accomplishment of the union of the soul with God, by detachment from earthly things, contemplative aspiration toward heaven, and continual fostering and augmenting of the love of God in the heart; next, there is the active love of the fellow-creature, as involved in the exercise of the pastoral profession and the spiritual charge of the congregation; and lastly, the scientific working out and development, according to individual perception, of the revealed truths of religion. In this threefold task lies the whole vocation of the priesthood, and in the

group before us each of these tendencies is personified. S. Bonaventure represents the contemplative or mystic side, S. Thomas Aquinas the speculative theological, and Albert the Great the active and practical."

In the fourth sketch Dante has ascended with Beatrice into the sphere of Mars, and Döllinger remarked—

"The whole circumference of the planet is divided into four parts by a cross which stretches above him, like the milky way across the sky, and from this cross Christ Himself beams in a marvellous and inexpressible manner. In accordance with the name of this planet, the spirits which inhabit it are warrior-heroes—men who have waged a sacred warfare for the cause of God and for the glory of the faith.

"Out of this band of warriors it is Charlemagne who first arrests the eye. An awe-inspiring figure, with a commanding gravity

of mien, a glance of keen discernment, and an inborn majesty of rule. Charlemagne, who stretched his empire from the Ebro to the Raab and from Beneventum to the Eyder, and claiming all Teutonic races first made them one beneath his sway, until England and Scandinavia only remained outside his rule. It is in just such guise as this, that the historical investigator of to-day may fitly picture to himself the outward semblance of the man whose actions, after a thousand years, still stir his enthusiastic wonder.

“By the side of Charlemagne stands a knight whom the artist represents as in the bloom of youth, and leaning on his sword. A good sword it was, which laid many an unbeliever low, and flashed among the first on the ramparts of Jerusalem; for the knight is Godfrey de Bouillon, Duke of Lothringen, a true Christian hero, unanimously chosen by his comrades in arms first king of the holy

city. He it was who, after the storming of Jerusalem, kept his hands clean from the blood of the conquered, and, whilst others killed and plundered, went barefooted to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and poured out his soul in thanksgiving.

“In the fifth sketch,” said Döllinger, “Dante and Beatrice have reached Saturn, the last of the planets and the furthest removed from the earth. Here they find those who through seclusion from the world, and a life of humility, prayer, and self-denial, have sought so to cleanse their souls as to render them susceptible to Divine communications.”

In the foreground of the picture sits S. Benedict, clad in a loose robe of many folds, “and in truth” said Döllinger, “the cloisters of his order have spread blessing and well-being over the whole of Western Christendom. Bulwarks they were, and watch-towers,

guarantees for the civilization of the lands, and the cultivation of the ground, for the founding and maintaining of the Christian religion among rough half-heathen people ; training grounds for the education of a godly priesthood, bright points of light shining at intervals in those dark ages. All that Europe possessed of art or knowledge she owed to them ; these cloisters were the refuge of the oppressed, the haven of those who, tired of worldly toil, looked for a calm retreat, and found in undisturbed communion with God the peace of soul they sought.

“ The book in which the saint is represented as writing, is the rule of his order, which he left to his disciples as the fruit of the experience of many years, and of enlightenment vouchsafed him from above. Twelve hundred years have since gone by, and the wisdom of this rule, with its happy combination of the contemplative and active life, is still maintained.



“There is another saint, holding a cross in his hand and looking down, and in him we easily recognize the founder of the Minorite order, S. Francis of Assisi. And here we might apply in a higher sense the beautiful words which Sophocles puts into the mouth of Antigone, and say ‘that he was only born to love,’ for truly divine love formed the groundwork of his life. Turning with disgust from worldly pleasures and the lust of gain; he had, as our poet beautifully says, taken poverty to be his bride.\*

“Dante has now,” said Döllinger, “at a sign from Beatrice, ascended by means of the golden ladder on which he has seen the blessed spirits continually passing up and down, into the eighth sphere, or the constellation of the Twins. The Church triumphant now meets

\* “Sie dess beraubt, der sich ihr erst vermählte (Christ)  
Blieb ganz verschmäht mehr als elfhundert Jahr.  
Da, bis zu diesem ihr der Freier fehlte.”

his eyes, namely the host of the chosen and the blessed, in the form of many thousand lamps, and over these a sun—Christ,—from which all draw their radiance.”

Dante’s examination in the three theological virtues—faith, hope, and love,—by the three apostles, S. Peter, S. James, and S. John, is the subject of the next sketch. Then, the examination finished, and the “Holy, Holy, Holy” sung by the blessed spirits in unison with Beatrice—

“The whole of Paradise,” said Döllinger, “rang with a song of praise to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, and Dante expressed his ecstasy in the beautiful words—

“‘Joy past compare; gladness unutterable;  
Imperishable life of peace and love;  
Exhaustless riches, and unmeasur’d bliss.’ \*

(Cary’s DANTE, “Paradise.” Canto xxvii. 7-9.)

\* “O gioja! O ineffabile allegrezza!  
O vita intera d’amore e di pace!  
O senza brama sicura ricchezza!”

(DANTE, “Paradiso.” Canto xxvii. 7-9.)

“After this deep silence ensues, the light of S. Peter pales, as he begins to speak of the depravity of the Papacy of that time, and hurls his thunders at his own degenerate successors; and as he speaks the whole heavens redden, and also Beatrice, with shame and anger.”

The three last sketches deal with the Empyrean, or the highest heaven. Dante has, at the bidding of Beatrice, plunged his face into a river of flowing light, which as it ran tossed up a spray of sparkles, and drinking of it is aware of a crystal flood in the form of a circle—“a flood,” said Döllinger, “without beginning and without end, for his strengthened sight, now subject to no bounds of time or space, can pierce the infinite.

“The sparkles and the flowers in which they set themselves then appear to him as two distinct choirs of angels and of men. Above the circle of light, by means of which God manifests Himself to the created being, is

suspended a white rose, whose countless petals form the seats of the blessed inhabitants of heaven. Each series of petals forms a separate grade or circle, and here, tier after tier, these blessed ones are ranged. The angels, flitting downward to the flower on errands to the blessed, alight like a swarm of bees upon the petals and enter the calyx of the rose, and then rising again return into the height."

Of the ninth and last sketch, Döllinger said—

"Dante has reached the longed-for goal of his great journey. Beatrice is no longer with him, but having conducted him into the Empyrean, where he has been granted the vision of the blessed, she has left him and returned to the throne appointed her in the rose of Paradise. Her place is taken by a kindly, gentle old man, with a tender, fatherly expression of countenance, who, at her desire, makes himself known to Dante. This is Bernard of Clairvaux, the great master and

teacher of mystic theology. Dante, kneeling opposite to him, gazes upwards towards the Trinity, while below, in the centre, kneels the Blessed Virgin, supplicating on behalf of the poet that he may have grace given him to contemplate the glory of the Divine Majesty.

“Here vigour failed the tow’ring fantasy :  
 But yet the will roll’d onward, like a wheel  
 In even motion, by the Love impell’d  
 That moves the sun in heav’n and all the stars.”\*  
 (Cary’s DANTE, “Paradise.” Canto xxxiii. 132.)

Fifty-seven years later Döllinger still spoke of Dante with the same warm enthusiasm.

“Dante’s claim on our hearts and intellects is that of a prophet in the sense and spirit of the Old Testament seers and poets ;” and he went on to say, “The task which the poet set himself was a four-fold one. He was, before

\* “All’ alta fantasia qui mancò possa ;  
 Ma già volgeva il mio disiro e’l velle,  
 Si come ruota che igualmente è mossa,  
 L’Amor che muove’l Sole e l’altre stelle.”  
 (DANTE, “Paradiso.” Canto xxxiii. 142-145.)

all things, a preacher of justice, peace, and love, and he had a hitherto hidden doctrine to make known, lacking which these three virtues can have no abiding endurance. Secondly, he had to show his contemporaries, as in a mirror, their errors, transgressions, and vices, with the object of bringing them to repentance and to a knowledge of themselves. Thirdly, it was his office to denounce the imperfections and misuses in existence both in Church and State, and to point out their corresponding remedies. Lastly, he was called on to announce the dawn of a better future, and to awaken and foster in men's hearts the hope of a coming rescue out of the abyss of sin and misery in which the Christian world was sunk. But with all this, Dante was not the man to invent prophecies at will out of the abundance of his imagination. Nor can it with truth be said of him, that he simply invested in a prophetic garb his own individual wishes and needs.

That which he did was the common practice of the age in which he lived. He took, and made his own, predictions which were already current, and others drawn from biblical interpretations ; and, sometimes purposely presenting them in an enigmatical form, he sent them forth again clothed with the beautiful imagery of his poetical imagination.

“ Dante was of opinion that the Papal bulls should be regarded with all honour ; but he deplored as a misfortune to the world the exclusive study of canon law, then adopted as the surest road to the acquirement of benefices and other pecuniary advantages, and which generally involved the setting aside of the examination of the Gospels and of the teaching of the Fathers.\*

“ It was Dante’s fondest and long-cherished hope that he might in his lifetime see and be gladdened by the result of his great poem. It

\* See DANTE, “ *Paradiso*.” Canto ix. 133.

was to form the bridge which would render possible his return from banishment, and win him fame and honour in the eyes of his fellow-citizens and of all Italy. Even his ancestor, Cacciaguida, encourages the poet in Paradise, bidding him reveal the truth in all its fulness, without fear of consequences, on the ground that his word, burdensome at first, would afford life-giving nourishment when digested."

This hope was a vain one, as we know, and, banished from his fatherland, "he wandered an outlaw in the vast and cruel world." Had he chosen to announce his repentance and altered views, by the payment of a sum of money and the performance of public penance, his return would have been permitted ; but Dante scorned pardon on these terms, and he died in banishment in Ravenna in 1321, true to his ideals. Doubtless many despised him as a magician, and looked on him as the slanderer of the Popes and the promulgator

of heretical opinions; but others honoured him as a supporter of the faith and as the poet of Divine love and revelation.

It was not accident which led Döllinger all through his life to study Dante with such careful preference. It was rather that the lives of these two men were traversed by a thread of kinship. Like Dante, Döllinger harboured a cherished ideal deep within his soul. That ideal was the ancient Church, and in the observance of her ordinances he desired to live and die. In Catholic theology he too found his Beatrice, "not as the abstract letter of religious science, but as the living daughter of heaven." Armed with a vast fund of knowledge, not easily or lightly gained, but wrung out of earnest work pursued with consuming ardour, he believed himself intrusted with a high and peaceful mission, and the reunion of the Christian Churches was the end he had in view. Like Dante he laid bare the Churches' sins and

shortcomings in the hope that evil might be converted into good. This was the spirit of his admonitions, and of his strenuous opposition to the dogma of infallibility, which he described as a “Pandora’s box.” Professor Cornelius, in comparing Döllinger with Dante, said—

“These two men had the welfare of Christianity equally at heart, and both regarded the overweening power of the Papacy as the greatest evil of the world.” We might add that they both alike looked forward to a better future.

On March 28, 1871, after having been summoned by Archbishop von Scherr to declare his submission to the decree published at Rome on July 18, 1870, Döllinger presented his respectful petition that he might be allowed to set before a conference of bishops at Fulda, his grounds of objection to the new dogma. Failing this, he begged to be permitted to lay his views before a

special commission formed of members of the Cathedral capitular body, inviting them to refute his alleged errors by any facts or testimony at their command.

Neither of these two requests were complied with, nor was a further application for a conference, composed of laymen and clerics, granted him.

In Döllinger's own words, "That which he had all his life taught and upheld as the truth, his conscience would not now permit him to regard and denounce as falsehood;" and, therefore, on April 3, 1871, formal notice was sent him, through the ordinaries of the Archiepiscopal diocese of Munich and Freising, to the effect that further attendance at his lectures was henceforth forbidden to all theological students of the said diocese. This notification further declared that "the Archbishop had no power to forbid the delivery of these lectures, but that should Döllinger continue them he would do so in open

defiance of the wishes of his superior, the only legitimate guardian of all Catholic instruction whatsoever." Döllinger's whole heart and soul were in these lectures, but he discontinued them forthwith.

On April 18, 1871, the ordinaries instructed the Vicar of the Church of S. Louis at Munich, on the following Sunday, April 23, to declare from the pulpit, at the time of Divine service, that Dr. von Döllinger, professor and provost of S. Cajatan, was, "on account of open and persistent denial of clear and certain articles of faith, pronounced subject to the greater excommunication, with all the canonical consequences appertaining thereto."

These measures stung Döllinger to the quick, and wounded him to his inmost soul, for, as he said, "Canonical law recognizes in the ban not only a death-sentence of the soul, but declares a person so excommunicated as the lawful prey of any mad fanatic." And indeed the

chief commissioner of the police had him formally warned to be on his guard, as a violent attempt on his person was contemplated.\* But Döllinger put his trust in God and feared nothing. He often afterwards said—

“ My action at that time cost me no friend ; it trebled my adherents both far and near, and

\* Döllinger remarked on this in a letter to the Papal nuncio, Ruffo Scilla, dated October 12, 1887. “ When the Archbishop, acting as he himself expressed it, in obedience to an order from the Pope, made known to me the sentence passed on me, he also gave me to understand that I was thereby subject to all the penalties attendant on the excommunicate. The first and most important of these penalties is contained in the celebrated bull of Urban II., which declares it lawful for any individual to put an excommunicate person to death, provided that the action is undertaken out of genuine zeal for the Church. At the same time, the Archbishop ordered sermons to be preached against me from every pulpit in Munich, and the effect which these discourses produced was such that the commissioner of police had me informed that an attempt against my person was in contemplation, and that I should do wisely not to go out unattended.” More on this subject will be seen in the “ Letters and Declarations of J. von Döllinger concerning the Vatican Decrees.” (1869-1887. Munich.) Published by Oscar Beck, 1890.

gained me many new coadjutors and well-wishers, even among clergy."

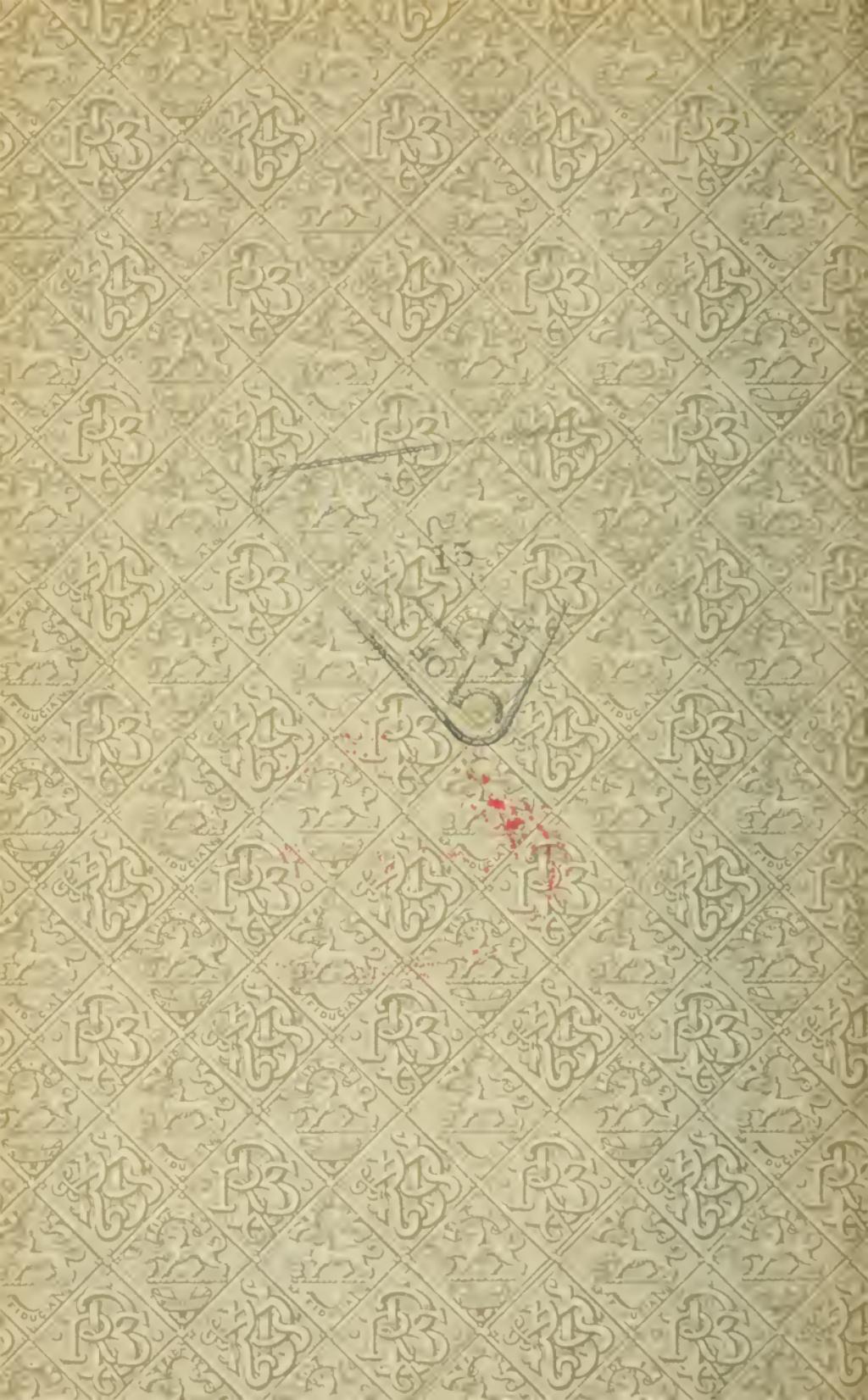
When he lay on a bed of sickness representations once more reached him from all sides, and exhortations were renewed, but he remained firm to his convictions. And when, fortified by the last sacraments, ministered to him by Professor Friedrich, he closed his eyes for ever, his sorrowing friends and adherents in all lands felt that a noble heart had ceased to beat and a great mind to think.

Many of his religious opponents—and in no other sense could Döllinger be said to number any—brought him in that day once more in thought before the tribunal of their secret judgment, and weighed against each other his virtues and the action for which he was condemned. On the one side they placed his faithful blameless work as a teacher during a period of five and forty years, his intrinsically religious, powerful writings, his love of truth, and his kind-heartedness; on the other, his

refusal to acknowledge a Council wanting in almost all the theological conditions of validity, or to commit what he described as “a formal act of perjury” by subscribing to the Vatican articles of faith.

Even if they passed an adverse judgment on Döllinger’s action in these matters, yet respect must gain the upper hand in their estimation of the man to whom history will always assign a foremost place among the ranks of those distinguished for their learning and nobility of soul. This was proved when, on January 15, 1890, many an Ultramontane followed him to his grave. Round that resting-place were gathered representatives of all creeds and callings, men of distinction and those of no repute, young and old, rich and poor, and among all the throng who laid flowers on his grave, not one but was at peace with the great dead who lay below.





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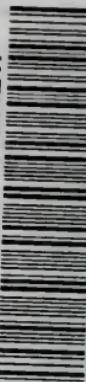
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